

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 408

Week Ending
JANUARY 15, 1927

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d.

THE GREAT THING KATE SHELLEY DID

See
Page
Seven

CLOAKS OF OLD KINGS

A SEARCH IN LONDON

The Ancient Robes Which
Cannot Be Made Again

WHY HAWAII WANTS THEM

A traveller has come from Hawaii to London on a very strange quest. Probably nobody else has ever searched in London for what he is looking for with good hope of success.

He wishes to discover how many Hawaiian feather cloaks there are in England, and who owns them. It seems queer to look for these things in England instead of Hawaii, but many were given by the natives to early explorers and some have found their way into museums. Probably the old-fashioned English sailor did not always realise what a rare thing the chieftain's present was, and there may be a few of these precious feather cloaks mouldering in the lumber-rooms of some of our old houses throughout the country today.

How the Cloaks Were Made

Mr. Robert Parker Lewis, who represents the Bureau of Archives of Hawaii, hopes to discover several of these hidden treasures before he returns. The feather cloak, he says, is sometimes a mere cape, but sometimes it reaches to the ground. It was worn only by royalty, and is one of the most prized relics of the extinct monarchy of the old kingdom of the Southern Seas, now a territory of the United States.

The groundwork is a very fine fibre on which tiny feathers are placed, and the design on each cloak is as different from all the others as the pictures of a famous painter are different from each other. In fact, the feather cloaks of Hawaii are fine works of art. No wonder the Hawaiians want to keep a record of them in their museum to recall the long-vanished splendour of the past.

A Vanished Art

Yet there is a point about these cloaks of greater interest than even the Hawaiian people may realise. A curious point about the cloaks is that they can never be made again. It is not merely that the native craftsmen have lost their skill, but that the red, black, and yellow birds whose feathers were used for this purpose have all perished. Nowhere in Hawaii can you catch a flash of their wings today; they are as extinct as the dinosaurs in Hyde Park. These ancient cloaks are therefore interesting to the naturalist as well as to the artist and the historian.

It is sad to think that hundreds of little birds died to make cloaks for the princes of Hawaii; but we must not call the Hawaiians barbarous so long as ospreys and birds of paradise are killed to trim the hats of Englishwomen, or so long as poor little children are daubed with the blood of a poor hunted fox on an English hunting-field.

The New Rulers of Japan



The new Emperor of Japan, shown here with his Empress, has begun well by stating publicly that his great desire is for his people to live in friendship with all other nations. While loving all that is best in old Japan he is very modern, and is an ardent player of golf.



WHO WAS ROBINSON CRUSOE?

For a long time we have all believed that Daniel Defoe's immortal book Robinson Crusoe was inspired by the true adventures of Alexander Selkirk. But Mr. Arnold Kennedy has just revealed to hundreds who did not know about it the existence of a book called *A relation of the great sufferings and strange adventures of Henry Pitman, Chyrurgien to the late Duke of Monmouth*.

This book was published in 1689, and Robinson Crusoe appeared in 1719. Both Defoe and Pitman had joined the army of Protestant rebels led by the Duke of Monmouth in his ill-fated attempt to wrest the throne from James the Second. Defoe escaped, but Pitman was taken prisoner on the field of Sedgemoor and sent to Barbados as a bondservant to a planter. The surgeon and one or two others managed to escape from the convict ship by night in a little boat, and they finally landed on an island they called Tortugas, situated 11° 11' North Latitude, according to Pitman.

For a long time they existed in great misery on this desert isle, without tools

of any kind. The ingenious doctor discovered how to make bone needles, fibre thread, soap from the juice of a plant, and pipes from a crab's claw, in which they smoked wild sage for tobacco.

At last the ragged runaways saw a sail. It proved to be a pirate, but it rescued them, and they eventually worked their way home, Pitman staying in the Isle of Wight till friends had won a pardon from the reigning sovereign.

It is very likely that Defoe knew of his old comrade's adventure on the desert island, but after all, as Mr. Arnold Kennedy says, Robinson Crusoe's isle really belongs to the map of the imagination, and it is useless to try to pin it down to any latitude.

In the same way we cannot say definitely that the hero was modelled on Alexander Selkirk or on Henry Pitman. He was the child of Defoe's brain, but probably the author was so much influenced by the experiences of these men that we may call Selkirk and Pitman Robinson Crusoe's kinsmen, even though we cannot call either of them his original self.

FOUR MEN WHO KNEW HOW TO DIE

HEROES OF KETTLE VALLEY

The Train that Ran Away in
the Rocky Mountains

DRIVER MARKS

In British Columbia the other day four men proved that chivalry is still as much alive as when the knights sat about King Arthur's Round Table.

A goods train belonging to the Kettle Valley Railway began to run away down the Rocky Mountains decline. The driver, discovering that the air brakes were not working, looked at his fireman in silent dismay. No words were needed in such a crisis.

There was only one thing to do if they wanted to save their lives, and that was to jump off into the soft sand at the side of the track before the train gathered speed. But the driver refused to leave his post. His name deserves to be remembered with the names of sea captains who would not leave their ships when the only hope of safety lay in taking to the boats. It was Marks.

A Gallant Crew

The fireman was told to crawl over the coal in the tender and tell the rest of the men what had happened. They, too, determined not to save their lives, but to stay on board and do all they could to save the train from wreck. The fireman was afterwards picked up, stunned but unhurt, near the line; he was the only one left alive. He said at the inquiry that he did not remember how he escaped the fate of his gallant mates on the train.

Faster and faster the doomed train rushed on its way, while the guard, the fireman, and the brakeman struggled with the hand-brakes and the heroic driver stood alone in his cab. It is a frightful piece of line, with sharp curves, sudden descents, tunnels, bridges, and deep ravines. A platelayer was amazed to see a train come rushing down this terrible mountain railway at a speed he had never seen equalled. As it swept past he saw a man hanging from the driver's cab, and heard him shout above the roaring wheels "Call the despatcher!"

Lives Given to Save Others

The platelayer had a telephone in his cabin, and he was able to obey. He called the despatcher's office just in time. But for his warning and prompt action by the despatcher the runaway train would have crashed into one coming in the opposite direction.

So, rushing to death through the dreadful Coquihalla Pass, Driver Marks had only one thought—to save others. The train plunged off the line, and four heroic railwaymen were killed. But it will be a long time before British Columbia lets their memory die.

TALKING ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT

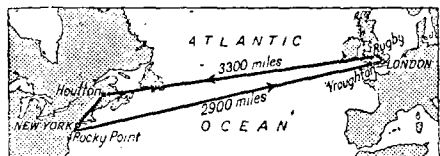
Carrying the Human Voice
3000 Miles at a Penny a Mile

HOW IT IS DONE

What hath God wrought rang out the first message across the Atlantic cable two generations since. It was in dots and dashes. Now we are to talk to America as we talk to one another from town to town or from room to room, and once again we may say *What hath God wrought*. The dots and dashes have given way to wireless waves.

It is rather odd that talking across the Atlantic has had to wait for the Wireless Age. The ordinary telephone was never equal to the strain, yet the wires are still to be used.

An engineer in New York finally tested the new apparatus last month by talks with colleagues in Cardiff and Newcastle. They chatted together from their armchairs as if they were in the same room. And now the general public are to be admitted to the same privilege. The minimum fee is £15, and this will give a three-minute call, which can be



The way a voice from London crosses the Atlantic, and the reply from New York

extended to twelve minutes at £5 a minute. The charge works out at a little over a penny a mile.

Why is it so expensive? Because the great transmitting station at Rugby cost half-a-million to put up, and there is not only another transmitting station in America for the return journey but a receiving-station at each end with expensive underground cables from the telephone exchanges to the wireless stations. For £15 a man is hiring the exclusive use of a million pounds' worth of machinery for three minutes!

The way of a Transatlantic talk is this: Sitting in your office or in your home you call up your local exchange and ask for the American service. You are put through to the trunk exchange near St. Paul's. There you give the name of the man you wish to speak to in New York, with the place at which you expect to find him and the number of the telephone. With that clue he will be tracked down for you, and you will be put through to wherever in New York he has been found. If he is at the number first given you should be through within a minute of putting in your call!

Talking to America

What is happening to your voice and to your friend's voice as you speak? The current is passing along underground cables through the St. Paul's exchange to the great wireless station at Rugby. There it is converted into wireless waves, which cross the Atlantic to the American receiving-station at Houlton, in Maine. At Houlton the wireless waves are converted back into electric current and conveyed by underground wires to your friend's receiver.

All this happens so instantaneously that if you choose to spend your £15 in singing a duet together you will hear your two voices in time with one another.

Pictures on page 3

Pronunciations in This Paper

Apollonius Apol-lo-ne-us
Baluchistan Bah-loo-chis-tahn
Murillo Mu-ril-o
Puccini Poot-chee-ne

ERA OF LIGHT AND PEACE

A New Emperor and His Aims

NOBLE JAPANESE MESSAGE

Japan is entering on a new era, and its official title has been declared as Showa, meaning Light and Peace.

The new emperor has issued a message to the people of his outlook upon the world, and we take from it this passage:

With our limited gifts, we are mindful of the difficulty of proving ourselves equal to the great task that has devolved upon us.

The world is in the process of evolution. A new chapter is being opened in the history of human civilisation. This nation's settled policy always stands for progress and improvement.

Simplicity instead of vain display, originality instead of blind imitation, progress in view of this period of evolution, improvement to keep up with advancing civilisation, national harmony in purpose and in action, beneficence to all classes of people and friendship to all the nations of the Earth. These are our cardinal aims.

All the world will wish that Japan may prosper in the fulfilment of these noble purposes.

THE DOG ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP

How it Saved 200 Lives

A fire visible forty miles away in Vienna burned a shelter-hut 6000 feet up on the Alpine peak at Schneeberg the other day, and 200 visitors for the winter sports escaped death through the devotion of a watch-dog.

The hut, an old hunting lodge of an Austrian archduke, was occupied by the landlord and his family, the visitors being in a newer place close by. The dog leaped frantically at the window of the burning hut and aroused his master. The water-tanks were frozen, for the thermometer was below zero, and the flames were only prevented from spreading to the larger shelter by a chain of tourists acting as snow carriers and piling snow on the roof.

LIFTING UP A BRIDGE

A Great Feat in Rhodesia

There is a bridge in Northern Rhodesia, over the Kafue River, that is 1,400 feet long, and during the last rainy season the floods rose so high as to wash the railway which runs over it.

The River Kafue carries on its surface floating islands, accumulated in eddies and then swept out into the stream, and these islands threatened to smash the bridge. An army of workmen was kept busy breaking them up before they could reach it, which was anxious work.

Now the bridge is to be raised five feet, out of the reach of the floods, the whole 1,400 feet of it being raised at once without breaking the railway or interrupting the traffic! The work will be done with hydraulic jacks, and the lifting will be in six stages of ten inches each. Then the spaces above the piers will be filled in with concrete blocks.

THE WOMAN ON THE CHIMNEY

Among the brave deeds just recognised by the Carnegie Foundation is the deed of a Frenchwoman which must have taken a great deal of cool courage.

A workman on a narrow scaffolding round a factory chimney 200 feet from the ground at Forbach was overcome by fumes, and Mademoiselle Félicité Muntz climbed to him and, tying a rope round him, lowered him by a windlass.

THE MUSICAL BOLSHEVIK

REMARKABLE DECISION OF THE B.B.C.

No Winner of a Thousand Pounds in Prizes

240 COMPOSERS FAIL

It is a singular and disquieting fact that of 240 musical compositions submitted to the B.B.C. in an attempt to win £1000 in prizes, not a single work has been thought worthy of acceptance.

To win a prize the compositions had to be worthy to be presented for performance at a good-class concert. All failed to pass the test.

There is matter for sad reflection here, but for satisfaction also: regret that 240 compositions should entirely lack charm, distinction, beauty, inspiration, merit; gladness that a jury of eminent musicians has had the courage to reject tuneless inferiority and to hand back the entrance fees to the misguided young composers.

Invading the Arts

For Bolshevism, which has been so loud in its invasion of politics, has effected a temporary invasion of all the Arts. Loud-mouthed and presumptuous, it declares itself the only authentic voice, and the rest—the music and poetry and painting and sculpture which ages of culture and wisdom have declared good—these Bolsheviks declare to be old-fashioned, humdrum trash.

Youth is doing fine work in music, painting, sculpture, and poetry; but youth includes a leaven of incompetent pretenders who give us monstrosities on canvas and in bronze and call them sincere, vivid, masterly representations of the subject as they appear to the artist's eye. They produce rubbishy balderdash and call it poetry; music which is made up of stolen themes badly strung together or consisting of horrid discords which shock the ear, lacking harmony, melody, and rhythm; not music at all, but noise.

Old Masters Banned

Quacks, foolish critics, silly people who can be persuaded that a scarecrow is a sceptred king, pretentious people who like to be considered in advance of the times, affect to see beauty in these productions of incompetence and effrontery. They ban the Old Masters of art, of melody, and literature, condemn them as dull and plodding followers of a convention. Truth, beauty, fidelity to Nature, a striving after loveliness, all this may be a convention, but so are truthfulness, uprightness, chivalry, nobility of conduct, yet these qualities remain the only hope of the world.

Past ages have had ugliness, horror, wickedness, and ignorance as a tradition. The effects can be traced in the ascent and fall of Egyptian and Greek Art, in the ruinous mental night of the protracted Dark Ages. It was a re-birth of learning that dispelled the intellectual squalor of those dismal centuries.

A Healthy Protest

We must resist tendencies which would bring about another period like the Dark Ages, and humbly strive to follow the artists who have given mankind true conceptions of beauty in all its manifestations. The dismissal of composers whose collective efforts re-echo the worst of modern musical tendencies is a good sign, a healthy protest against reaction and insanity.

The B.B.C. might go farther still by refusing to include in its programmes dreary and discordant works known to be bad, and accepted only because, though nasty, they are new. There is no merit in newness as newness.

THE WHITE STAG OF EXMOOR

A Silly Superstition

WHY THESE THINGS HAPPEN

A white stag has been terrifying superstitious people on Exmoor, for such people say that such a sight foretells death!

White stags are uncommon, but they occur from time to time, as white examples occur occasionally in every other species of coloured mammals.

The absence or alteration of colouring matter in the skin or hair is responsible for these white examples—albinos, as they are called. We have had white tigers, white wild swine, white antelopes, white wild dogs, white otters, hares, rabbits, blackbirds, sparrows, starlings; in fact, no species of animal or bird fails to produce white individuals from time to time.

The rule applies to mankind also. We all know people whose hair is flaxen-white and whose eyes seem pink. There are white Negroes, white Red Indians, and so on. But who thinks of predicting evil at the sight of these people, these birds, these animals? Only silly and ignorant people.

The danger is not to the beholder but to the white animal. Its snowy coat makes it so visible against a dark background that it is much more likely to be caught or killed than those normally coloured to match or blend with their surroundings.

THE FREE CATHEDRALS

York Almost Persuaded

The Dean of York Minster has decided to celebrate the thirteen hundredth birthday of the founding of the cathedral by admitting visitors free to almost all parts of the building.

In this the cathedral church of the Northern Province is following the excellent example of the cathedral church of the Southern Province, for the good Dean of Canterbury adopted the open-cathedral system long ago, and half our cathedrals are now open to all.

The upkeep of York Minster costs £3000 a year, and hitherto this has been raised by fees. A charge is still to be made for admission to the Chapter House, which is used as a museum, but elsewhere vergers will conduct parties free. It is hoped that voluntary offerings will make up the Chapter House fees to the required income, but an appeal is being made for guarantors to make sure, and the experiment is to be reviewed after a year.

The faith of the Dean and Chapter in the principle of free admission is evidently not yet very robust, but the C.N. believes it will succeed in York as it has succeeded in half the cathedrals of England.

THINGS SAID

It is not defeat that counts but the kind of defeat. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald

A good lion can now be obtained for about two hundred pounds.

Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake

Wickedness never made a solid and enduring contribution to merriment.

Dr. Dinsdale Young

There is never any risk of failure in going the way God calls us.

Principal J. T. Brewis

Boys have taught me the lesson of youth, optimism, good temper, and justice.

Headmaster of Merchant Taylors' School

The next chapter in Russia will be the setting-up of the things that have been pulled down. Sir Bernard Pares

I have two little nieces who sang at Christmas *While shepherds washed their frocks by night*. Dr. E. Lyttelton

AN EMPEROR'S LIFE STRUGGLE

Fighting Ill-Health on a Throne

THE JAPANESE PEOPLE IN MOURNING

The people of Japan are mourning the loss of their Emperor, the 123rd of his line, son of the famous Meiji Tenno.

It was Meiji Tenno, the Emperor Mutsuhito, who introduced Western ideas into Japan after untold ages of isolation, and his son, Yoshihito, grew up in the new tradition. He was the first of his line to receive a modern education.

This new liberty he retained and increased through his life, to the great dismay of his Court officials, and when he became Emperor in 1912 he insisted on driving about Tokyo like an ordinary man instead of having all traffic stopped wherever he went, and on having the Empress with him in the same carriage! Thus his figure became familiar to his people as his famous father's never did.

But he was never strong physically, and his whole life was a long and losing struggle against the ravages of consumption. Five years ago he was compelled to give up the attempt to carry out his kingly duties, and his son Hirohito became Regent. Hirohito, now Emperor in his turn, has carried the new tradition of freedom one step farther by his visit to England just before becoming Regent. No Emperor before him had ever left his own country. He is an able and popular ruler.

Pictures on pages 1 and 12

THE COALHEAVER INCOG.

Received with Royal Honours
A PUBLIC JOKE IN GERMANY

The world still remembers how twenty years ago a cobbler of Koepenick, dressed as an army captain, arrested the mayor of his town on a charge of fraud and made off with money from the municipal coffers.

Now comes the story of one of his countrymen, a German coalheaver, who masqueraded with equal success as a royal prince. A young fellow of 22 calling himself Baron Korff put up at a leading hotel at Erfurt, in Saxony, and let it be understood that he was really a much greater person travelling incognito, as the saying is.

To the enraptured hotel proprietor he confessed himself to be the eldest grandson of the Kaiser. In due course his host himself drove him to his next abode, the Schloss Hotel in Gotha, and spread the news there of his high estate. He was banqueted by the whole town.

Then the mayor gave a dinner for him, and invitations showered on him from the surrounding gentry, all of which he accepted. But when he began to borrow money suspicion was aroused, and he suddenly disappeared, leaving his debts behind. It was only then that it was learned from Berlin that the visitor was a coalheaver who had been once in gaol and was expected there again.

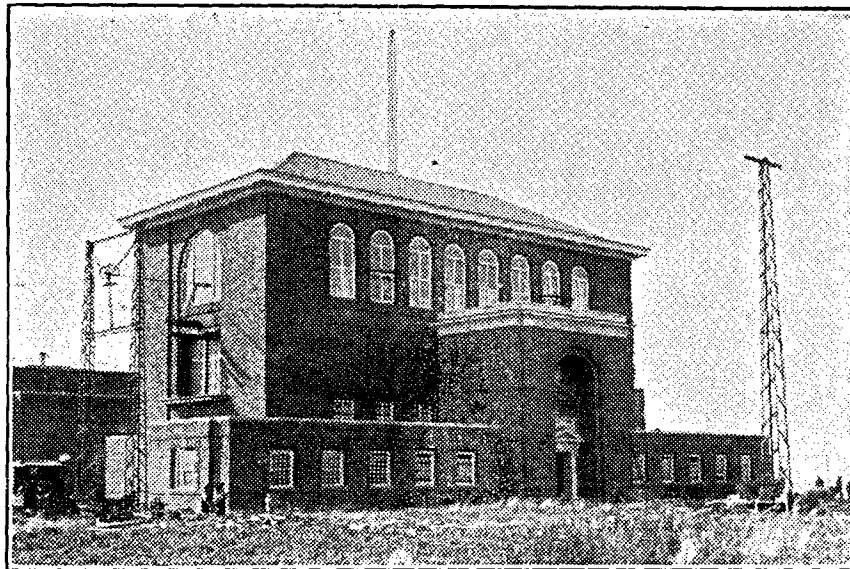
A CRICKET RECORD

1107 Runs in an Innings

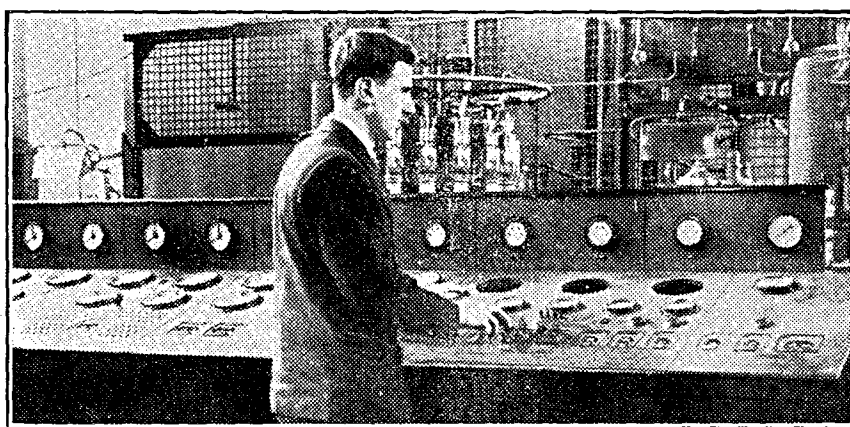
A new record in the number of runs in an innings has been set up by Victoria in a cricket match against New South Wales.

The previous record was also made by Victoria, 1059 runs against Tasmania four years ago, and this has now been beaten with 1107 runs. The record in England is 887, made by Yorkshire against Warwickshire in 1896.

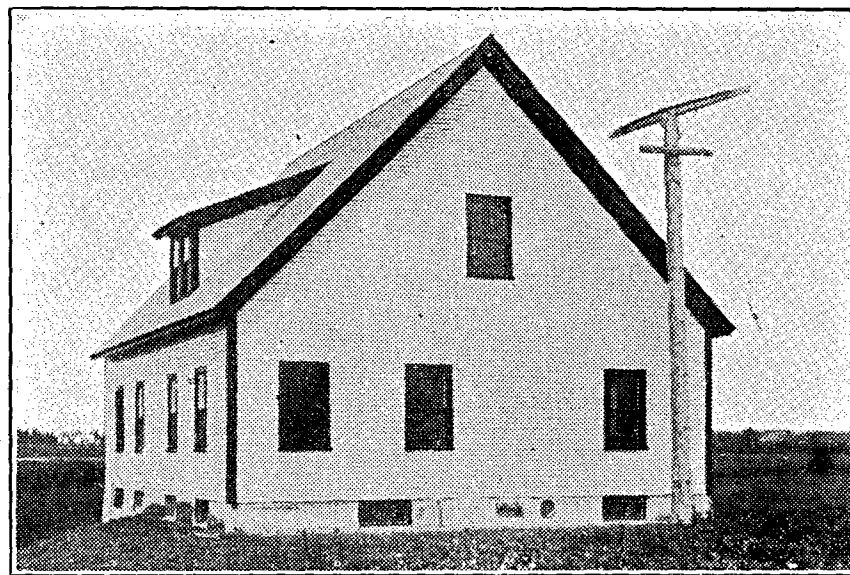
LONDON TALKS TO NEW YORK



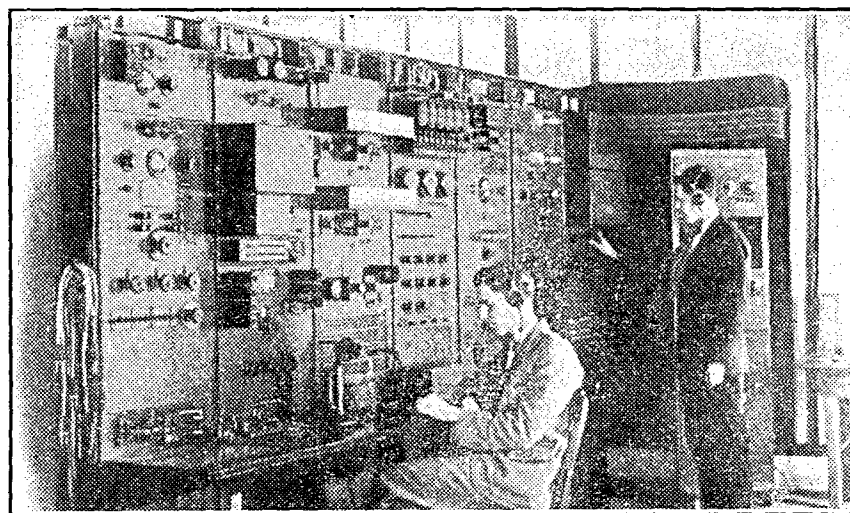
The wireless station near Rugby whence the voice from London is sent to America



The control board of the Hillmorton station



The station at Houlton, Maine, where the messages from England are received



Inside the Houlton receiving station

The Post Office is starting a wireless telephone service which will enable Londoners to talk with New York. The caller is switched on to the Rugby wireless station, where his voice is sent across the Atlantic to Houlton, in Maine, and then transmitted to New York. The reply comes by wireless from Long Island to Wroughton, near Swindon, and is then sent over the telephone wires to London. See page 2

STRANGE TALES A PROFESSOR TALKS OF A MYSTERY

The Queer Claims Made for the Divining Rod

MEN WHO FIND WATER

Scientists have never agreed about the curious power some men are said to possess of finding hidden waters by the use of what is called a divining rod, but some interesting experiences with water diviners were related the other day at South Kensington by Professor E. Garnett, who has been many years in the Transvaal.

Professor Garnett said he gained his first introduction to this subject when he was master at a Quaker school in Yorkshire. An old scholar, who had been in the Western States of America, revisited the school, and in talking over his experiences mentioned casually that the finding of water was a difficulty for the settlers, but that he, somehow, was able to find it quite easily.

The Moving Stick

From an old man who had been school carpenter since his boyhood, Professor Garnett had learned that at a certain place in the playground, now asphalted over, there was a forgotten well. Thereupon he gave the visitor a hawthorn stick and asked him to find any underground water on the school premises. The man walked about in various directions, and when he came to the spot the carpenter had indicated the stick began to move in a peculiar way. Professor Garnett placed his hand over the man's fingers, and declared that there was no movement of the man's hand, but that it was the rod only which moved.

Once it was necessary to find water on two neighbouring farms in the Eastern Transvaal. A Dutch teacher in a school not far from Johannesburg had the reputation of being a water diviner, and Professor Garnett asked him to try.

A Circle of Steel Wire

This man did not make use of a stick; he used some steel wire made into the shape of a circle. At certain places as he walked about the farm the wire moved violently toward the ground. Government drills were brought, and water was found at the places indicated. Although one of the places might have been thought extremely unlikely, being the highest point on the farm, a pump is working there to this day.

Another experience was at Grahams-town on a small farm. Here Professor Garnett employed an old man, one to whom the finding of water is as ordinary a thing as the taking down of an overcoat from a peg. He simply took a stick from a willow-tree and declared that at definite spots the water was running pretty strongly.

A Lost Pipe Found

In Professor Garnett's experience other substances have been found underground in the same manner. Professor Garnett said his son had certain gifts in this way. When quite a youngster he used to get his sister to take an empty petrol tin and put it away in the cellar, whereupon he would walk about the sitting-room with a rod and the rod would indicate the exact position of the tin in the cellar beneath.

On a certain farm an outlet pipe with a valve had been built over during repairs, and no one could recall its position. The owner of the farm wished to recover it, and Professor Garnett's son took a rod along the wall and found that every time he passed a certain spot the rod moved as it did when finding water. The wall was taken down at that spot and the outlet pipe was discovered.

Professor Garnett is convinced that in the case of the genuine diviner the rod moves without any muscular leverage, but there are a number of impostors.

A FOLLOWER OF FRANCIS DRAKE

TALE OF A NEW GOLDEN HIND

The Captain Who Swam Back to His Men

300 YARDS IN A STORMY SEA

Ever since Shakespeare asked "What's in a name?" the world has been replying "Everything: Give a dog a bad name and hang him; give a man a fine name and he will try to deserve it."

Perhaps the owners felt that good fortune and glory would follow when they named a schooner Golden Hind after Drake's world-famous ship. They were partly right, for although the new Golden Hind carries merchandise on the coasts of Nova Scotia instead of bearing explorers to strange seas England has heard of her already, and it is a tale of splendour that she hears.

On one of the last days of the old year the Golden Hind was labouring against a terrific storm. In spite of the clever seamanship of her skipper William Mosher and the toil of her weary, frozen crew she was at last swept on to the rocks off Christie's Point, Inverness County, Nova Scotia.

Last Man on the Wreck

Huge seas pounded at her and it was death to stay on board, but it was as dangerous to try to swim ashore in the ice-cold rollers. Not a man of the crew could face the battle with those terrible waves, so Captain Mosher took a line and dived overboard. He succeeded in gaining the shore after a desperate struggle, and then—he swam back to the ship.

According to the rules of common sense Captain Mosher should have stayed on the beach in safety while his men were hauled along the life-line to his side. But according to the noble tradition of the sea a captain must be the last man to leave his ship. By his swim of 300 yards through an appalling sea to bring a line ashore Captain Mosher had saved the lives of his crew, but he would have lost his self-respect unless he had returned and shared their danger till the last man had left the wreck.

It is a tale of courage well worthy of one who follows the trade of Francis Drake and the great Elizabethans.

A MAN WHO SERVED THE FLAG

His Fine Career in India

One of the most valued servants of the British Empire in India was Sir James Wilson, who has died after more than a generation of public service in the East.

A friend who knew him for 40 years sends a little note to The Times, from which we take this passage.

The two traits for which he was most remarkable were his lofty and unselfish sense of public duty and his extraordinary solicitude for and devotion to the interests of the rural population of the Punjab, among whom his life's work lay.

It is this latter quality that has made his name a household word in the various districts where he served, especially among the virile races of the North-West Punjab. His death will bring sadness and mourning to thousands of homes, from those of the tribal chiefs, whose legitimate influence he upheld and extended by opening to them the career of service to the British Government, down to those of the humble peasant proprietors, who owe the security they now enjoy in a great measure to the strenuous labours and persistent advocacy of Sir James Wilson.

If ever there was a man who fully deserved the epithet of Protector of the Poor it was Wilson, and from what I know of him there is no title he would have valued more highly.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

Lisbon has been covered with snow for the first time for forty years.

A pure white pheasant has been shot at Kilverstone, near Thetford, Norfolk.

Torquay Corporation have purchased 120,000 seedlings for planting.

Oil is now being imported into Britain at the rate of 1300 million gallons a year.

William Wilberforce

A tablet has been set up in Wimbledon Church to the memory of William Wilberforce, the man who freed the slaves.

Boots for the Bairns

Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire colliery companies provided over 9000 pairs of boots for children at Christmas.

Prohibition for Canberra

No alcohol will be sold in Canberra, Australia's new capital; it will be under Prohibition.

Shoes of Roman Horses

A number of Roman horseshoes, half the size of the modern shoe, have been discovered near St. Osyth, in Essex, embedded in oyster-shells.

The Winner

One of a winning crew in Richmond Regatta on Boxing Day is 78 years old. He is a London solicitor, Mr. W. H. Eyre.

Nine Lives a Week

Last year the Royal National Life-Boat Institution gave rewards for the rescue of 448 lives. On an average nine lives are saved a week.

Testing Coal with X-Rays

X-rays are now being used to examine coal. The impurities in coal can be seen very easily in a photograph taken with X-rays through it.

Go-ahead Basutoland

The South African native territory of Basutoland, with a population of 540,000, now has 40,000 children under training in its schools.

New York's Latest Shop

New York now has a very novel shop. It is called a repair shop, and has separate departments, staff, and equipment for the repair of almost anything.

Britain's Lead in Motor-Cycles

It is estimated that over 1,400,000 motor-cycles are now in use throughout the world, Britain having nearly half a million, while Germany has nearly 220,000 and America 145,000.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS

The Sixteenth Birthday of a Famous Play

In spite of fog and snow and sleet London is the place where—The Rainbow Ends! We discovered that at the Holborn Empire on Christmas Eve.

Where The Rainbow Ends is a play which gives you just what you want at the beginning of a new year, much laughter and loveliness. It is about a girl and a boy who, accompanied by their amusing lion cub, go on a journey full of perils to find their father and mother, whom at last they meet in the land where the rainbow ends. What a difficult time they have getting there!

The performance on Christmas Eve was a special one, to which were invited hundreds of children from the East End of London. Miss Italia Conti, who produces the play, explained to us all the spirit of it. There are still living dragons, she reminded us, like the dragons in the play, and it is the Saint George who lives in the weakest of us that must kill them. Mr. Roger Quilter's lovely music was excelled only by the enthusiastic voices of the children in the audience.

Where The Rainbow Ends is acted by children for children. This is its sixteenth birthday, but it is not growing old at all. It is the Peter Pan of plays, and will not grow up or weary us.

THE WISDOM OF THE ROOK

A High Court of Justice
BIRD PRISONER CONDEMNED TO DEATH

We gave a few weeks ago a remarkable story of the sagacity of rooks in removing their homes from a rotten elm tree.

A very esteemed reader of the C.N. now reminds us of the astonishing case of Lord Galway's rooks, which Lord Galway has confirmed for the C.N.

Lord Galway, who has for many years been the Chairman of Nottingham County Council, had a very interesting experience in the park of Serlby Hall, near Bawtry.

Not far from the Hall is a wood in which is a rookery. On a certain day Lord Galway observed great excitement among the rooks, which were loudly chattering and flying about. Presently they all repaired to the grass in the open part of the park. A circle of about a dozen rooks was formed. In front of them was a solitary, dejected-looking rook, and at the rear of the circle was a large assembly.

The Execution

"There was (says Lord Galway) a great deal of cawing and bowing of heads, first by the inner circle of rooks, and then by all the large outer lot. Suddenly the inner circle rushed upon the solitary rook, and after a short interval all flew away into the wood, leaving the solitary rook lying there. I walked down to make sure, and there the rook lay, quite dead."

It is Lord Galway's conviction that this "was a solemn trial, and that the judgment given by the judges of the inner circle was confirmed by all the rooks assembled round before the sentence of death was carried out." If this is so the case indicates that rooks have a language which they understand and in which they converse. Then there seems to be some kind of rook conscience, with offences which involve a death penalty; and there appears also to be a method of appointing judges, of giving and weighing evidence, and of approving decisions.

SINGING TO THE GAS METER

How to Send Up the Bill

The chief engineer of the Newport Gas Company said at a recent meeting that certain notes in music affect gas, when a gas meter is working, to a marked degree.

Even the slamming of a door may cause a gas meter to register incorrectly, and if certain musical notes were sustained near the meter it might register different amounts of gas for the same consumption! A witty writer in an engineering paper says: "We have heard of customers having to pay for gas to a pretty tune, and as metrical expression is the essence of poetry it might be well to recite a few verses in the cellar occasionally."

MAKING THE SKY SAFER

Oil That Will Not Catch Fire

Considering the immense quantities of oil the world uses every day it is rather surprising how much we have to learn about the uses of oil fuel.

A Russian scientist has just worked out a new kind of oil called Makhonine, which has the great merit of not being inflammable, and so should bring about the abolition of one of the greatest dangers of flying. It is said to combine the advantages of heavy oil and petrol, and to be cheaper and more economical than ordinary aeroplane oils.

At all events, a twin-engine aeroplane with one engine running on Makhonine and the other on ordinary petrol is to make tests on the London-Paris air-line.

THE STATE SAYS A WORD FOR CHILDREN

NEW LAW FOR THOSE WHO SUFFER

Lagging School Authorities Must Come Into Line

A CHANCE FOR THE WEAK

The first of January is often much more than the beginning of a new year. It is a date from which new laws often begin to work for the good of the country. This year several laws of that kind will come into operation affecting the lives of children who before had been neglected in many places.

One of the things New Year's Day did this year was to bring into force lawful duties that must be undertaken by all Education Authorities toward suffering children. It becomes a statutory obligation on these Authorities to care for children who are blind, or deaf, or crippled, or mentally defective, and to give them the kind of education suiting their sad condition.

A He-vy Handicap

It would be a great mistake to suppose that hitherto there has been national neglect of these suffering children. The most humane and competent Education Authorities have for many years recognised and fulfilled their duty toward partly-disabled childhood. Public sympathy has been tender and generous. The Government has supported schools and institutions for the education, care, and cure of the little ones who have begun life under a heavy handicap, and who may have to bear it to the end.

Under some Authorities nearly or quite everything has been done that can be done to teach and train the blind and deaf, and to teach, train, and cure the crippled; while schools for the weak-minded have remained a serious experimental problem. Only gross ingratitude could omit a tribute to the splendid work already done in these several ways.

Duty of the Community

Yet there are considerable areas where the duty of the whole community toward its suffering children has not been properly grappled with. Sometimes a want of means has been the excuse; sometimes there has seemed to be a lack of human sensitiveness; sometimes the necessary practical energy has been wanting; and in rural districts with a thin population the difficulties are considerable. But now definite responsibility is placed on all Education Authorities to reach the standard of helpfulness which has been established in the more generous, humane, and energetic regions.

It is a change that will be universally welcomed, for no claim can equal that of suffering childhood. Under modern education and skilful surgery juvenile suffering can be largely relieved. The country will rightly expect that Authorities who have lagged behind will now respond to this demand with a cheerful energy.

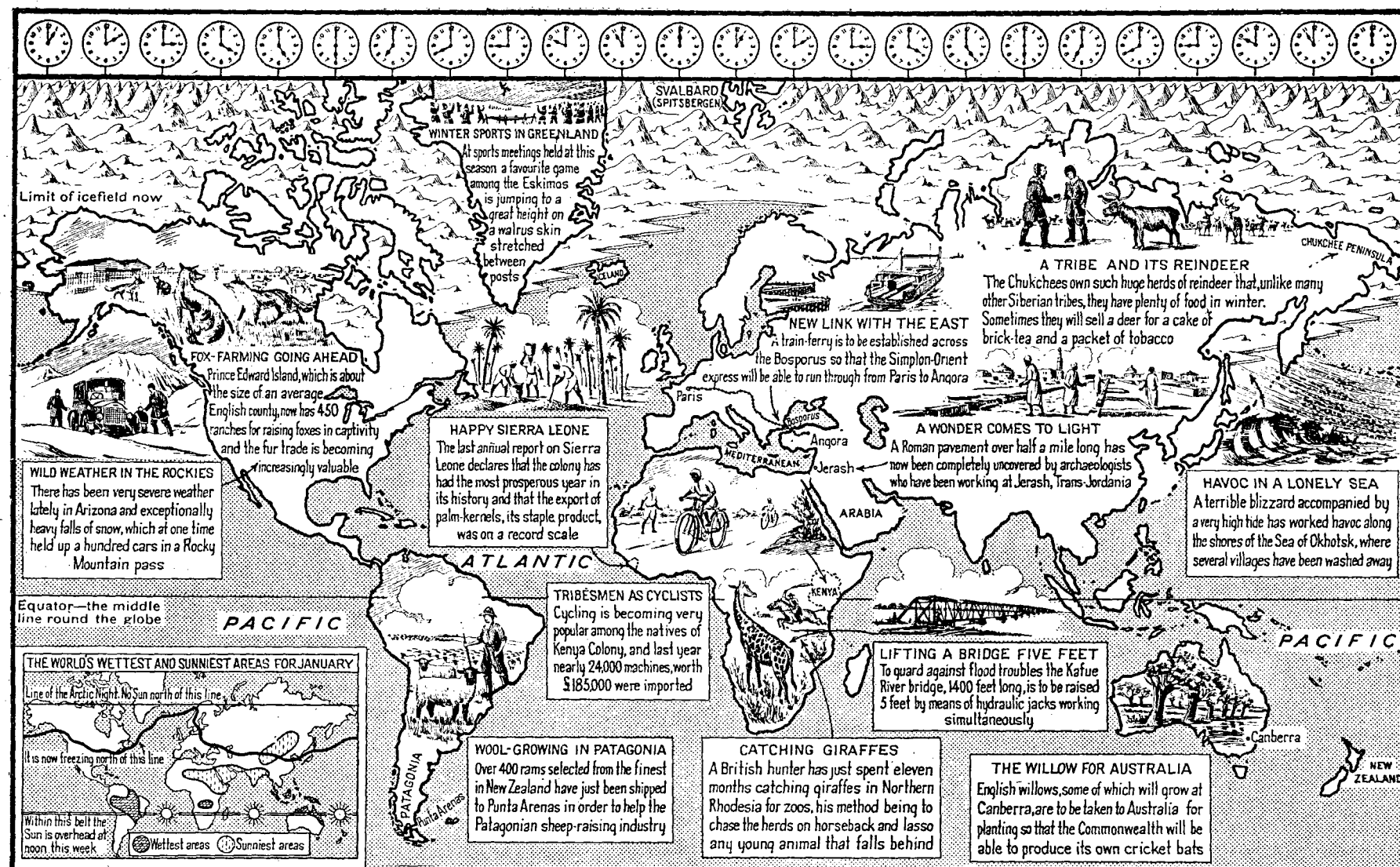
THE SPLENDID WAY OF GIVING

The National Children's Home and Orphanage has received a substantial sum from a famous public school.

The headmaster had asked the boys to see whether they could not spare something for homeless children before they went to their own happy homes for Christmas. Not a boy brought him any money, and he felt disappointed.

But after he had left his study for a short time he returned to find his table covered with envelopes containing little piles of money. The boys had given generously, given to the point of sacrifice, and they had done it anonymously, so that he never knew who had given a large sum and who had given nothing.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE TWO WAYS FOR EVERY BOY

A Little Play on the Mercury

We have all forgotten the question we were asking a few weeks ago: What shall we give for Christmas? One of the best Christmas gifts we have heard of was given to the boys of the good training-ship Mercury on the day of their prize-giving. It was a little play, and one who was present sends us this note.

The Everlasting Choice was the title of the little drama of a boy's soul written by Stephen Fry, the son of Commander C. B. Fry, and produced in scenes of great beauty, full of poetic feeling expressed in colour, light, and music. Every detail was conceived and executed by the young writer himself.

The first scene of the play shows two doorways presenting the Choice to the Boy on the threshold of his life.

The second shows him at sea, keeping watch under the stars by night, the privilege of seamen, shepherds, and all those who dwell in the great, wide, silent places of the world.

"I love stars and the sound of waves, and loneliness, and where the sea meets the sky, and colours, and things," says the Boy to himself, as he gazes into the illuminated deeps above him, reflected in the dark deeps below; "and the stars never let me down."

He has not always steered a straight course by his own soul's stars. He chose the wrong way at first, but he has pulled up in time.

In the last scene the light he bears with him is seen working its way through the journey of Life to the last great Valley of Death, the end of the journey. It mounts steadily, though slowly, through dark places, until, from being a star on the Earth, it becomes a star in the sky.

This was the gift which the boys of the Mercury took away with them when they left their ship for Christmas.

SANTA CLAUS BY AEROPLANE

A Train in Distress

A dramatic thing has happened in Spain, perhaps for the first time.

When blizzards buried the railway lines about Madrid in snow aeroplanes were sent to the relief and rescue of a train and its passengers who had been plunged into a snowdrift on the Madrid-Albacete line.

The storm was so severe, the drifts so deep, that, in the absence of the snow-ploughs employed in countries more used to these extremes of weather, the relief trains which were sent could neither clear the line nor get near the stranded train. Snow continued to fall one day after the other, and the train passengers were in serious danger of perishing from cold and hunger. The aeroplanes therefore circled above the snowdrifts and dropped supplies of food and oil-fuel to keep them in some degree of comfort till release from their plight became possible.

Aeroplanes have done this in time of war, but it is perhaps the first occasion on which they have dropped Christmas tidings of peace and goodwill. Santa Claus need no longer travel by reindeer sleigh; the aeroplane is his chariot.

POET AND COMPOSER

A Little Girl of Great Promise

We congratulate Annie Lucille Fanning on having attracted the interest of that famous musician Sir Walford Davies.

Annie is only eleven years old, but she has composed a charming song called Baby Jesus, both the words and music being her own. Annie is in the London Orphan School at Watford, and we do not wonder that such promise comes from such an excellent institution. We hope our little poet and musician will grow up into a great composer.

THE BALLOON GIVES ITSELF UP

A Flight That Failed

A captive army balloon near New York, carried away by that Christmas feeling, broke from its moorings and tore across country, carrying its cable and its observer with it.

It had but a brief period of glorious freedom, for behind it tore not a captive, but a conqueror of the skies—an aeroplane! A flying-officer who saw the balloon burst away leaped into his machine and dashed, soaring, after it. At the same time a small dirigible got up power and started on the air-path. The light and heavy cavalry of the clouds were on the track of the balloon.

In the face of these forces of law and order, duty and discipline, the balloon gave up. Considerately catching its steel cable in a tree, it waited for its pursuers and quietly surrendered.

A GOOD DEED AT MINE-HEAD

The Woman and the Hare

The huntsmen of Minehead seem to be in bad luck just now. Only a few weeks ago they lost a hind through its swimming out to sea (though they experienced the joy of killing it at last), and now they have lost a hare through the pity of a woman.

The hare had been chased by the Minehead barriers into a shopping street, where it took refuge behind some boxes, for it was spent and could run no longer. A passing woman, seeing it, exclaimed "They shall not kill the poor thing," snatched it up, covered it with her shawl, and walked away with it.

Very unsporting of her, the Minehead sportsmen thought. Very sporting of her, the C.N. thinks.

THE ZOO'S GREAT LOSS

Two Friends of Many Children

INDARINI AND SUNDERMALLAH

To the obituary of 1926 must be added the deaths of two Zoo elephants, Indarini who died on Christmas Eve, and Sundermallah who followed just after.

There was something mysterious in their passing within a few days of one another, for both died suddenly from some obscure form of blood-poisoning which was followed by lung trouble of a severe kind. Elephants have been known before this to die in the same way in captivity. It may be that with them, as with other animals, winter brings about a lowering of bodily resistance which makes them an easier prey to some germ.

If the death of the elephants is mysterious it is also a little pathetic, for we naturally think of them as two visitors to our chilly land who, if they had but been left in their own steaming jungles, might have lived to be a hundred.

On the other hand, there are much the same winter illnesses in Asia as in Europe, and as many deaths from them; and if Indarini and Sundermallah died young their lives were pleasant and famous. When the family cat or the favourite dog is taken from its sorrowing friends the mourning is sincere but the mourners are few. The two Zoo elephants numbered by the thousand friendly children who went for a ride on their broad backs.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Madonna and Child by Rubens	£1732
Autograph document of Lincoln	£1000
A portrait by Northcote	£945
Two panels of Mortlake tapestry	£787
A painting by Murillo	£714
Pair of Kien-Lung jars	£567
A letter of Robert Burns	£250
A lexicon in Hebrew, 1490	£110
Russian 12-rouble platinum piece	£35

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 15 1927

Play as You Please

WE are often told we ought to work harder, and it is very nice to be told we ought to play harder, and please ourselves what our play is. So says the Principal of Somerville College, Miss Margery Fry.

Miss Fry is right. As a race we take our duties seriously, and we should take our pleasures seriously when we have earned them.

Great numbers of girls play hockey and tennis, and enjoy the game. But if secretly some of us do not like this recreation and would rather play in a garden with roots and flowers, or with animals, let us have the courage to say so and do so. If we are among people all day we may feel that we have never enough time for reading, and would rather spend a couple of hours with a book than go to a party. By all means let us do so. Few girls have the courage in these days to say they love needlework, but why not love needlework?

But if we are doing embroidery let it be *our* embroidery, and not something stamped from a pattern bought in a shop. In any museum we can see patterns in old needlework or enamel, even in old tiles, that would be beautiful translated into new stitched colour. And if we are reading let it be a definite course, so that it may enrich our minds. If our interest lies out of doors let it be an intelligent and serious interest, so that later we shall find a definite and beautiful thing in life which we have grown ourselves, like a flower, and of which we can say "This is mine."

For there is no doubt about it, our hobbies show what we really are. More often than not our work chooses us or is chosen for us, and we associate with it, however pleasant it may be, the irksomeness that comes from lack of liberty.

In our play hours the real self emerges from the cramp of the work time. But let us give ourselves the kind of liberty we like, and not take recreations because they are the fashion.

We have the finest example of individuality in work and play in the craftsmen of Elizabethan England. A man would be told to do some carving; he did it as he liked, and did it well. That was the age of great work and great play. For these men also played as they liked; hence the lovely old games and dances, fireside tales, and peasant music which have come down to us in fragments. They were made by people who filled their play hours as they wished, and in this way they enriched the world. They expressed themselves and obeyed no fashion.

Let us do likewise.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Would That Men Had Peace

How vast is the boundless Main,
Perfumed by the morning Sun,
Fresh as primeval Dawn,
And still as the new-born Earth!
O would that men, too, were at peace!

By the new Emperor of Japan

Dayton Against the World

DAYTON in Tennessee, which not long ago made itself ridiculous by denying Evolution and trying to prove that nothing in the world improves, is now busy showing that Dayton, at any rate, cannot be improved.

After the trial of a teacher for teaching the truth about the Earth, some of Dayton's leading citizens thought they would like to set up a Dayton University to perpetuate their curious ideas; but when the time came to collect funds they could hardly raise enough for a class-room. A Massachusetts millionaire came to their assistance, but the Dayton University still hangs fire because the Daytonians wish to staff it with pure Daytonians, without any interfering people bringing knowledge from outside.

So Dayton still stands where it did, in its own backyard, and from there it will send out its cock-crow of defiance to the rest of the world.

A Penny for the Flower-Seller

A teacher in a Whitechapel school sends us this little note, which we send round the world shining like a good deed.

A BRIGHT young voice rang out eagerly on the kerb. A flower-seller was determined to arrest the attention of the passer-by.

"A flower, sir? Won't you buy a flower, please, for the blind babies?"

She jingled her pennies as the people passed by, her eager face never for a moment clouded.

Presently a match-seller came along. He had one leg, and moved with difficulty on a crutch which was too big for him. But there was a merry twinkle in his eye as if even he found life a pleasant thing. He dropped a penny in the flower-seller's box.

She looked up and smiled at him, saying with a trembling in her voice: "Thank you; thank you very much."

The match-seller nodded in an off-hand way, saying as he limped on: "I've only got one leg, miss, but I've my two eyes, thank God."

They seemed great words to one who heard them. The match-seller may never have heard of Sir Philip Sidney, but he had his heroic spirit.

Fine Things Said Long Ago

If all battles were fought at night there would be fewer heroes.

The most unhappy of all men is he who believes himself to be so.

If Adversity hath killed his thousands, Prosperity hath killed his ten thousands.

All She Had

IT is a little late, but we have only just heard of her, and we are moved to pass on this sad little item of news from the poetry book of a child of nine:

A little lonely girl
Went calmly off to bed,
And all the Christmas that she had
Was in her little head.

Tip-Cat

A WRITER finds there are not enough places left on Earth for imaginary adventurers. So even imaginary heroes must be unemployed.

THE man who has been discovered with X-ray eyes will probably open a school. He has already got two pupils.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, the film censor, never goes to the cinema. He expects the cinema to go to him.

IF we get one good book in a hundred years a famous critic thinks we must not complain. But suppose we don't live so long?



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW

If the top dog is
a Skye terrier

NEW YORK is to have a curfew at 3 a.m. Anyone not at home by that time will be found out.

BUSY women set apart a special hour for telephoning. Instead of paying calls they pay for them.

THERE is no fun, says a speaker, like achieving the impossible. The man who has to do it does not find it much of a joke.

AMERICA'S President says America is blessed among the nations of the world. But not necessarily by the nations.

A RESTAURANT advertises golden vegetable soup. This should be followed by a silver-plated chop or jewelled steak.

Making the Roads Dangerous

EXTRAORDINARY things happen even in the best-governed countries.

The Wimbledon bench of magistrates, whose duty it is to keep the roads free from drunken drivers, found a charge of drunkenness proved against a motorist who drives 1000 miles a month, but did not convict because the penalties are so severe. Or, in other words, a magistrate will not administer a law unless he agrees with it!

We think most sober people will disagree with Sir Joseph Hood. It does not seem to have occurred to his lucky motorist that he would not get drunk because the risk of killing children was so severe.

The Reaping and the Winning

If I have sown one seed
That grows to ripened grain,
What matter who shall reap?
Mine is the gain. Elizabeth Kuskulis

The Little Shop Window

By a Passer-by

IN a certain town in England is a quaint corner called Abbey Green.

It has cobbles, and a plane tree stands in the middle of it. The houses round, shorn of the glory which belonged to a generation that has passed away, are mostly let as tenements. They have beautiful wide oak staircases as well as fine stately entrances, and the children who run up and down the stairs love the open space and swing on the plane tree.

A small shop stands there which was once a tavern. It is very old, and must have seen most of the noteworthy people of our land at one time or another passing by to the Abbey.

The window of the shop is filled with pictures, illuminated work, and gifts sold for a charitable society which befriends friendless children.

Standing and Staring

One day a little girl was seen to beckon a friend to the window. Taking her by the arm, she drew her to the window, and in a clear, piping voice read to her these words of our tramp poet Mr. Davies:

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

There is colour in the little shop, and the Song of Brother Sun is in it. Many tired faces look in at its wares. Some, perhaps, take courage from a word they see there and go a little less heavily upon their journey. At any rate, the keeper of the shop hopes they do.

Passing Through the Fire

MANY men have thought, we may be sure (he who writes this note among them), that they would have found a career in Parliament but for the road the candidate for Parliament must often tread.

Looking through the Prime Minister's speeches, we came across his description of the sort of thing that must have held back many sensitive men from public life, the often humiliating conditions in which a man fighting for a seat in the House of Commons used to find himself. It is worth while remembering what happened so recently as Mr. Baldwin's first election and since.

I remember well the first election I fought. It was what was called an old-fashioned election, in an ancient borough. The candidate was expected to spend three evenings a week during the time of his probation in one or another of the public-houses which jostled each other through the constituency, listening to, and vociferously applauding what, for want of a better name, was called a comic song.

When I came home at night from these orgies I seldom went to bed without reading something of the *Odyssey*, the *Aeneid*, or the *Odes of Horace*. By the date of the election I had read all the last-named and most of the others, not without labour in the dictionaries, but with care and increasing joy, and with the desired result that, though defeated, I had passed through the fire and the smell of burning was not on my garments.

That is nobly said, and we may thank God that even in politics things are infinitely better than they were.

The free man may be a prisoner,
but never a slave. Amyot

January 15, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

7

KATE SHELLEY'S
BRIDGEHOW SHE SAVED
THE TRAINA Girl's Heroic Deed in a
Great Storm

THE RIGHT KIND OF MONUMENT

We raise statues to our heroes and set up tablets in their memory. America has just dedicated a new railway bridge to one of hers.

The Kate Shelley Bridge spans the Des Moines River near Boone, in Iowa. Perhaps, now and again, people who go safely over this fine steel construction, looking at the valley of woods, fields, and streams, may remember the days when life did not run very easily in the great Middle West, when the tale of the glorious deed of Kate Shelley ran from end to end of the continent.

The Grace Darling of the Prairies

Kate was the Grace Darling of the prairies, the daughter of a track inspector who had lived near the railroad. He was dead, and Kate lived with her mother and the younger children.

It was a hard life for the little family. There was never much to eat in the wooden shack and plenty of severe weather. Kate, fifteen years old, was the main prop of the family.

In the summer of 1881 repeated rains fell on the wide Des Moines Valley. Day after day came drenching storms. The river and streams were brimming over their banks. Fields lay sodden under the grey skies; cattle were drowned; huts were washed away.

The Flooded Bridge

On a July night came the Great Storm. Never had the oldest settler known such a tempest. The heavens opened as if for the first time, and floods descended on the swollen waterways till all the valley was like a sea, and the dark flood whirled above the piers on to the top of the wooden bridge carrying the line across Honey Creek.

Kate left the cottage to let out the cattle from the pens and fields of the slopes so that they could make their way up to the safety of the highest land. It was difficult to see or hear, blinded and deafened by wind and rain; but as the girl walked back home she became aware of the faint rumble of an engine. She knew it was the locomotive sent now and again to help heavy trains on the slope from Moingona, a station across the valley.

A Perilous Crossing

Kate waited while the locomotive went by, and a gleam of lightning showed her two men on the footboard anxiously watching the line. The engine throbbed on its way to cross Honey Creek, and suddenly came a crash. The little water-logged bridge had given way and the locomotive had toppled into the swollen stream. Probably the men were drowning. And behind the engine, she knew, the midnight passenger train from the West was roaring on its way, heavy with human lives. In a short time it would reach the ruined bridge. The last stop before the bridge was at Moingona, and if she could get there she might save the train.

She set off with a small lantern, but the gale made an end of the light and she was obliged to struggle on unaided. She could not go along the railway track, which was the shortest road, because of the flood. The only way was to mount a hill behind the house and get down to the creek another way.

Presently she came to the Des Moines bridge, another wooden structure, in the place of which now stands the new bridge named after her. There was no footway across it. The only possible crossing was by means of the cross-ties, slippery with the rain. The river roared beneath like a hungry

THREE ROVERS YOU MAY MEET IN 1932

Look out for Smosarski, Jelinski, and Lada in the autumn of 1932. They have set out on a world tour, and should reach England about then.

Smosarski, Jelinski, and Lada are three Polish Rover Scouts, and they want to visit the Boy Scouts of all nations. As much of the journey as possible they will do in a Ford car which Mr. Ford has given them. Besides the three Rovers the car will contain a stock of kinema pictures of Scout life in Poland, taken by the Rovers in preparation for their journey, and as they travel they will take other pictures of Scout life in the countries they visit.

So, by pictures and talks, the three Rovers will tell the world about Poland

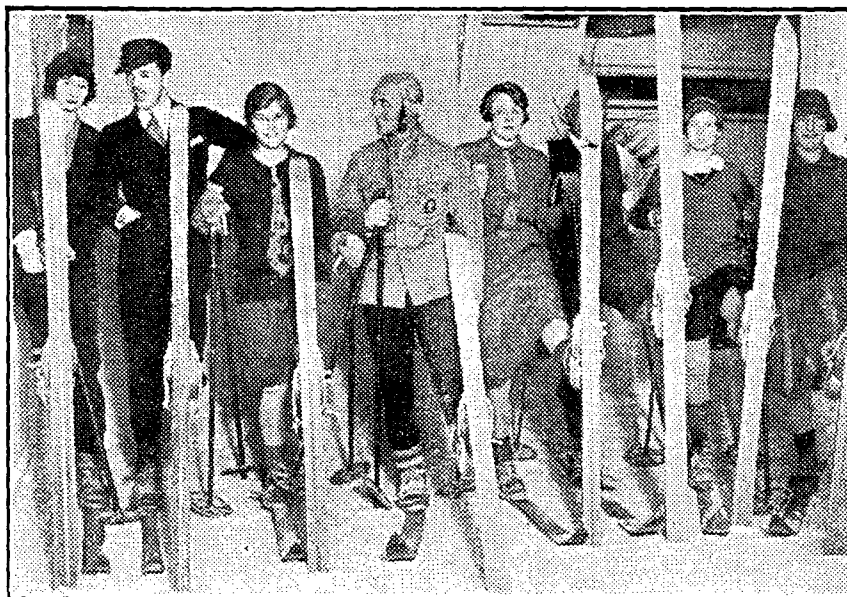
and Poland about the world. They had a magnificent send-off at Warsaw. They have started their tour in South-East Europe, and from there they hope to cross into Asia Minor for Persia, India, China, and Japan. From Japan they will sail to Australia and New Zealand, and on to the Americas. Then, after a little time in Africa, they will finish their tour of Europe, not forgetting England, the Motherland of the Scouts. The tour is evidently to be a thorough one, for the date of their English visit is put at five years from now, and we may look forward to greeting the Rovers in London in 1932.

So good luck and a merry meeting to Smosarski, Jelinski, and Lada!

A SKI SCHOOL IN LONDON



Starting off from the top of the slope



A party of beginners learning the kick-turn

Every year more people are going to Switzerland for the winter sports, and a ski school has now been started in London so that beginners may have their first lessons on artificial snow before they go abroad. The difficulty hitherto has been that novices were only able to learn to ski by the time they had to return home

cataract. She dared not stand upright. On her hands and knees went Kate, fighting for life, dragging herself yard by yard. Any moment she might be blown off or slip between the ties into the flood. Now and again she had to rest, clinging to the wood.

She reached a moment of strain when her mind was capable of working on only one line of thought. Her mind was on the western express, and her imagination lighted up like a torch that long line of human life creeping nearer the broken bridge. She saw the crash, the wrecked coaches, the agony, the death.

At last the bridge was crossed. She had a few minutes left and half a mile to go. She struggled on, stumbling, falling, and arrived at Moingona Station

just as the engine came steaming in. She had saved the train.

Kate never counted how many lives she had saved, but other people counted them for her, and no one ever forgot the Grace Darling of the prairies. She was heaped with honours during her life, but was never spoiled. Fourteen years ago she died, the same splendid, simple character that she had always been. People came from far and wide to her graveside. Perhaps the Chicago and North Western Railroad Company, whose lines run over that district, realise how easily a name is forgotten in a vast continent, and they have had the happy idea of making Kate remembered by naming after her the new bridge across the Des Moines River

DICTATOR IN SEARCH
OF A CUIRASSA LITTLE MORE
KINDNESS IN SPAINThe Horse in the Bull Ring
Not to be Hurt Quite So Much

THE ARMoured STEED

Horse-lovers all over the world are filled with joy to hear that a movement is on foot to protect the horse from the barbarities of the Spanish bull ring.

If the bull could be protected as well—but that is too much to hope for just now. Let us be thankful for an indication of small mercies.

It is to save the horse that a certain society in Madrid has been concentrating its strength, pointing all its guns. It is a brave little company called the Madrid Society for the Protection of Animals and Plants. It has only a small membership, but the list includes powerful names. Don Alfonso, a great lover of horses, has had his interest aroused by the repeated attacks of the Society, and at last the affair has made the Minister of the Interior take action.

The Old Pride of the Picador

There is something to be said for a dictator, thinks the animal-lover, at this juncture. He can lift his hand to say "No more unprotected horses in the ring." The Minister of the Interior has not got quite so far as this, but he has announced that he is going to try to find a cuirass, a body armour, which will guard the horse from the bull's horns.

It is a great disgrace that this should be necessary. In the old days it was the pride of the picador to defend his horse. He was mounted on a fine, spirited creature which was agile on its feet, could turn on a sixpence, as riders say, and it was a disgrace to the picador if his thrust did not keep the bull off the horse. But of late years the picador has been given worse and worse horses, which cannot help themselves, poor things. Thousands of them are sacrificed every year.

Dear to the Spanish Heart

To thrust properly, especially on a horse which gives him no help, the picador must lean well forward. It is exceedingly dangerous for him to do this, as he is necessarily heavily padded for protection against the bull, and if the horse lurches back he can easily lose his seat and come over on the horns. Lately the horses have been so poor that the picadors have gone on strike.

Now, the Spanish bull fight is dearer to the Spanish heart than we can imagine. The Spaniards have inherited for centuries the instinct of the fight, the cruel lust for blood and torture. They must be treated tactfully and made to see the horror of it. That is why even this humane movement moves slowly.

Remnant of Medieval Days

There is a whole organisation of trade and profession centred in the bull ring. There are several newspapers dealing solely with the ring published during the season, with photographs of famous bull-fight heroes—brave and smiling men who receive a far greater homage than a movie star in the wilds of Canada. It will be a serious thing for this new measure of mercy if the Bull-Ring is upset by it. Nearly all Spain will be on its side. In the meantime we pray for its success. If bull-fighting must go on let the horse have its armour, at any rate.

The cuirass suggested is a remnant of medieval days, when horses had to be armed against battle-axe and spear. There are plenty of examples of this armour in the Tower of London and similar historic places, and in old manuscripts and pictures. It will be extremely interesting in these modern and mechanical days to see a remnant of the Middle Ages coming back to everyday life.

A HUMORIST AND MORE

JEROME K. JEROME TELLS HIS STORY

The Struggling Boy Who Found the Way to Fame

WRITER OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK

MY LIFE AND TIMES. By Jerome K. Jerome (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.)

This is a book that will cause every reader to feel glad it has been written.

It is the story of a varied life very sincerely told—a life that began in the poverty of Poplar and passed on through self-education to substantial literary success. Such a life pictured with modest frankness could not but be attractive. Mr. Jerome has the spirit and the art to make it fascinating, and this book is the story of a large-hearted man equally rich in a generous humour and a grave thoughtfulness.

What the Book Reveals

Broadly speaking, the general public thinks of Mr. Jerome as the man who wrote *Three Men in a Boat* and *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*; and it finds a problem in the same writer rattling off the light-hearted fun of the book and conceiving the profound humanity of the play, the production of which many regard as the noblest use to which the modern stage has been put. But that problem of diversity of gifts will not trouble any reader of this book. He will see how, by heritage, by experience, and by travail of thought, Mr. Jerome has come to be what he is.

His father, a Congregational minister, married a Welsh Nonconformist lady with money. At first after the marriage preaching was combined with farming in Devonshire, and later with coal-mining in Staffordshire. Mrs. Jerome's money was invested in collieries on Cannock Chase, and by the time Jerome was born into a family whose oldest child was then grown up the money had been lost; and when the boy was four years old the ruined family moved to Poplar, where the father had fresh hopes of success in an ironmongery business.

A Hard Upbringing

That success never came. Mrs. Jerome kept a diary, from which it is clear that all the consolations of piety were needed to endure anxious poverty in the midst of depressing East End surroundings. The family was deeply religious; and though Jerome K. Jerome soon grew out of the narrowing restrictions of his strict Puritanical upbringing the essence of the faith he imbibed as a boy remained with him.

At the age of ten he had some degree of escape from the roughness of the East End by getting a presentation to a scholarship in the Marylebone Grammar School, which caused him to travel round North London and back every day. Then, at fourteen, he became a junior clerk at Euston Station.

Roughing it in London

Now he was launched on the world. He stayed at Euston till he was earning £70 a year, but became stage-struck and started as an actor before he left the railway. Then he joined a touring company, and for three years knew all the uncertainties of the minor actor's life. Back in London with an empty pocket he knew what it was to live on a three-halfpenny pint of cocoa and a slab of bread and butter at a coffee-stall before "sleeping rough" in the open air with an eye half open for the police.

Out of this state he climbed by way of police-court reporting and writing. Gradually he found a market for his

THE VAIN MAN OF VIENNA

A Tale of the Opera House

A friend of the C.N. heard a story the other day of how a singer in Vienna was cured of his vanity.

This particular man, whose name we must not tell, could sing excellently, and had achieved some reputation; but to listen to him one would imagine that there had never been such a singer in all history. He wearied the ears of the other artistes by his tales of what this and that important personality had said to him after his wonderful performances.

How the Singer was Hoaxed

One day there came Slezak, a famous Czecho-Slovak baritone, to join the company. Now, Slezak, who is well known to all lovers of fine music at Covent Garden, is a great practical joker, and it was not long before he delighted his companions with the news that he was going to cure this boaster, who was an ignorant man apart from his musical talent. At the end of a performance of Gluck's *Alceste* a distinguished-looking stranger knocked at the door of the boaster's dressing-room.

"I am Gluck, the composer," he announced grandly, "and I've come to bring my congratulations to you on your magnificent singing in my beautiful opera."

The singer was delighted. He did not know that Gluck had been dead about 140 years. He rubbed his hands with glee as he thought what a fine tale he would have to tell the rest of the company next morning.

Once Bitten Twice Shy

But when he told his tale everybody roared with laughter and told him of the trick which had been played on him; and for some time afterward he was very careful of his boasting.

Now, it so happened that the famous Italian composer Puccini, who died a little while ago, came to Vienna shortly after this and went to hear his opera *La Tosca*, in which the boaster was taking a chief part. Delighted with the way it was rendered, Puccini went to the singer's dressing-room at the end of the performance, intending to pay him the highest honour in his power. He announced himself and the reason of his unexpected visit.

"I am Puccini the composer," he said, "and I have come to congratulate you—"
But he was not allowed to finish. "Out of this!" shouted the singer angrily. "Do you think I'll be made a fool of twice?" And Puccini, astonished beyond words, fled from the scene in dismay.

Continued from the previous column

experiences. His articles became books. He won popularity as a humorist. He wrote plays that were accepted, and proved acceptable to the public. He founded a magazine and a weekly journal, wrote a novel based on his life and at least one play that has gone round the world again and again, and will long continue its rounds.

Jerome K. Jerome says early in his book that he has never been quite sure whether he is a humorist or not. Those who read this book will have no doubt about it. But he is more than humorous; he is serious. We see in Mr. Jerome a man who dares to speak with unconventional sincerity, yet without hardness. He has known life widely and deeply, and it has left him mellowed and with a heart that holds fast the faith that service and still more service is the destiny of man, here and hereafter.

AN OLD MAN LOOKS BACK TO HIS YOUTH

An excellent French journalist, M. Jabonne, has been to see an excellent French artist, and this is what the artist said to him.

I am 74. It is a long time since I was a little boy. I think I was the happiest little boy in the Second Empire.

My father was a painter; my mother had a delightful talent as a miniaturist, and she was the most refined, the most kind, the most intelligent woman in the world. Our home was modestly furnished, but with exquisitely simple taste. We had few friends, but those we had were charming; and as my parents had had the grief of losing six children before me I was more cared for, more beloved, more petted, than can be imagined.

Prince Napoleon

Memories? I have as many memories as I could wish. See, I need only shut my eyes. Shut yours too. Now I am a little boy of three; I have gone for a walk in the Tuileries Gardens with my mother. She presses my hand and says *Look! the Prince Napoleon!*

He comes along at a trot on a splendid horse; I take off my hat, and he gives me Good-day with his hand.

Another time it is in the Champs Elysées. The Prince has become Emperor. He passes in a magnificent carriage, all made of glass. The Empress gives us a little bow.

Memories! Ah! Memories! How could I have no memories? I have always lived as a spectator!

At School

My career as a schoolboy was really troubled rather than brilliant.

The man who taught me the alphabet was the most charming of men, Father Preitzel. He had a rather peculiar way of conducting his class. Every morning he would choose from among his pupils the one he intended to teach that day. He called him out beside him and said, "Hold my little finger," and during the whole lesson he attended only to the pupil who was holding his little finger. The others, at the back of the class-room, could play as they liked.

I suppose I must have held his little finger sufficiently, seeing that I can read today. But, alas! no one ever succeeded in teaching me to count.

I was successively, though not successfully, a pupil in different schools; but I did not like schooling, and my mother sent me to finish my studies with a tutor, a pleasant, cultured man who had the peculiarity of being a giant.

The giant taught me, in a most intelligent way, to love the Greeks and Romans; and with him I brought my studies to an end before entering the studio of a pupil of Ingres, who was to teach me painting.

The Great Prize

I had long given up the idea of becoming an attaché. My good mother, I remember, wept a good deal the day I took my place in the studio. Fortunately I was able, later on, to afford her some little consolation. I succeeded, indeed, pretty well from the beginning.

I continued to live quietly and happily with my mother—rather a lonely life, but I have never been fond of noise and crowds. My mother looked after me well, loved me, and advised me; and we cared little for the rest.

One morning, after the competition for the Rome Prize, I met in the street the son of the keeper of a little restaurant where I often lunched. He ran toward me, crying: "Mister Besnard, Mister Besnard! You've got the Rome Prize!" Not able to believe it, I asked, "What, the second?" "No, the first!"

Then I ran home and upstairs four steps at a time to tell my mother. When she heard the good news she kissed me and said simply, "Well done, my child!"

That is Albert Besnard's story. His dear mother was often able to say "Well done, my child!" in after days.

A MYSTERY OF INDIA

The Buried Cities

DISCOVERIES WHICH MAY REWRITE HISTORY

A remarkable work is proceeding in Northern India which may reveal the existence of a river civilisation hitherto unguessed by historians.

Sir John Marshall, Director-General of Indian Archaeology, is in the south of France preparing notes on the discoveries made in the past 12 months at Mohenjo-Doro, in Sind, where over a thousand men have been at work excavating.

Numbers of buried cities, some buried one on top of the other, have been found in the region of the Indus, and from what has already been brought to light it is not to be doubted that here, along the banks of the great rivers extending through Sind, the Punjab, and Baluchistan, over an area as big as Egypt, was a widespread culture which flourished perhaps 2500 years ago and may well have been the cradle of modern civilisation, though we know as yet not a thing about its origin, its history, or its literature.

A Mighty Bygone Empire

From what a friend of the C.N. has been able to gather the mighty empire thus newly brought to light had close connection with Central Asia and China, as well as with Persia. It was rich and powerful, art and science found a high place in its daily life, and yet it disappeared so completely that there is no trace of it in Indian history.

Sir John Marshall, who came to England in May to confer with officials and scholars at home in regard to his discoveries, is a very distinguished man, whose work has won the widest recognition. When he publishes the fruits of last year's discoveries at Mohenjo-Doro the whole of Europe and America will be listening.

Meanwhile the Indian Government is sending an expedition into Baluchistan, and is preparing to extend the work at Mohenjo-Doro on a wide scale.

AN ACTRESS HAS A BIRTHDAY

How Her Friends Kept It

Here is a story from theatreland, that region which many people imagine to be full of romance, luxury, and even wickedness. As a matter of fact, theatreland is often a place of hard work, many disappointments, and great charity and kindness.

The other day Miss Gladys Cooper had a birthday, and those who were acting with her wanted to give their leading lady a really splendid present. Many wanted to give a piece of jewellery, while others suggested a piece of antique furniture. They looked into all the finest shop windows of the West End, but could not decide what to buy.

Then someone made a suggestion which everybody hailed with delight. "That is the very thing. That is what she would like best of all!" they cried.

And so they gave her no parcel, but subscribed enough money to endow a cot in the children's ward of the Charing Cross Hospital. The cot is to be named after her, and many a sick poor child who has never been to a theatre will have cause to bless her name.

WORLD'S GREATEST MACHINE

What will be by far the most powerful machine in the world is fast nearing completion at the American General Electric Company's shops.

It is a great dynamo for use in the New York City lighting and power system, and its capacity is nearly a hundred thousand horse-power. That means that its power could pull fifty express trains, easily drive a liner like the Olympic, or light three hundred thousand homes. This tremendous machine is fifty feet high and weighs a million pounds.

SEEING THE HEART BEAT

A Wonder That Is Coming THE FILM AS IT CAN BE

Soon the beating of the human heart will take its place among the living pictures which all may see, for the radiologist at University College, London, with the help of two expert operators of the British Instruction Films, has designed an apparatus which enables it to be put on the screen.

This is a feat which even in these times, when a fresh wonder seems to come every day with the morning milk or the evening paper, should be noted.

The ordinary X-ray apparatus used to take shadow photographs of the bones; the improved and powerful X-ray apparatus at University College throws on a screen for the surgeon to see the inner details of the body—its heart beating, its other organs at work.

New Kind of Camera

The new apparatus employs in the first place very powerful electric currents in producing the X-rays. The X-rays pass through the human subject's body on to a special screen, on which the movements of the heart are seen in shadow-graphs, and they are seen with unusual distinctness.

A new kind of cine-camera has been designed to give nearly twice as much exposure as the ordinary one. It is timed to take 16 photographs a second. This speed is easily surpassed by the pulsations of the X-rays which are showing up the heart's movements on the screen, so the running film makes a very accurate record of them.

The inventor is still experimenting. The beating of a heart is not yet ready for the picture-palaces, but it will presently appear, and some day everyone will be able to see the sort of heart he has and the way it throbs.

CULEX PIPIENS IN BERLIN

The Vacuum Cleaner and the Gnat

For the moment our little enemy the gnat, or *Culex pipiens*, to give him his name in Latin, lies asleep in his winter retreat. But in Berlin at least he will have an unpleasant awakening, for in a week or two the city's police will be on his track.

Experiments which have been tried in cowsheds and horse-boxes, where the use of a specially-constructed vacuum-cleaner filled with poison spray has had the most successful results in combating gnats, mosquitoes, and flies, are now to be tried in dwelling-houses. Everyone in Berlin is to have a visit from an armed squad of insect-killers, who will close up all doors and windows for 20 minutes while they carry out their beneficial warfare. For these services each ground landlord will have to pay a shilling.

With a little trouble, a little annoyance, the authorities of Berlin hope to save the city from great evils.

PLANTAGENETS

A Family Older Than Eton

Eton College is a very old school; it was founded in 1440 by Henry the Sixth. Yet there will be at Eton before long some boys whose family was famous before the school was thought of.

They are the sons of Mr. Charles Edward Eld, of Templestowe, near Leamington, who died last June. Mr. Eld was the eighteenth in a direct line of descent from Edward the First, through his son Edmund Plantagenet, and was as proud of the fact as if he were a king himself.

There must be several families in England and America today who can trace a similar lineage; but there are very few who can trace it so clearly.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN ART

A Great Treasure House

On January 15, 1759, the British Museum was opened.

We think of the British Museum as a huge, magnificent pile housing the finest collection of treasures in ancient art and literature in the world. It seems to us always to have been there; we cannot imagine London without it. Yet, like all other things, this vast place had its small beginnings. Its first house was the tiny dome of one man's skull.

His name was Sir Hans Sloane, and he lived from 1660 to 1753. Ireland was his first home. We have to look to Ulster and to Scotland for his great-grandparents. When Hans was a youth he came to London to study medicine, and became a famous doctor.

Naturalist and Collector

So much for his work. His greatness, his extraordinary character and intellect, were revealed in his hobbies. He developed into a renowned naturalist, a great collector, and a friend to the public in many ways. His name is on the lips of thousands of people in south-west London every day—Sloane Square, Sloane Street, Hans Crescent, take their name from him. We see him in the old Herb Garden in Chelsea, where his statue watches over the shrubs and flowers he loved. We see him written large by his own hand in his famous book on the Natural History of Jamaica. We see him as president of the Royal Society, one of its great men. But we see him most of all in the work which came about after his death.

In addition to his duties and social work Sloane found time to seek out and buy great quantities of valuable books and manuscripts. Before he was old he had got together 50,000 volumes, 4700 volumes of manuscripts, and a wonderful collection of scientific curiosities.

The Origin of the British Museum

Hans Sloane was determined to make the country move in the matter of a national museum. By terms of a bequest in his will he made it easy for London to start a collection. The nation was offered for twenty thousand pounds Sloane's array of books, manuscripts, and natural history specimens. This sum was about two-fifths of what he had spent in amassing the collection. The terms of the bequest were accepted. The Government found the purchase price, bought Montagu House, a building which stood where the Museum now stands, and set to work. Other bequests and gifts were drawn in. Montagu House was opened to the public on January 15, 1759, and called the British Museum.

Before long it was necessary to add a wing. Travel and exploration in the East brought in stores of precious things. Early in the nineteenth century came the Towneley Marbles, and then the Elgin Marbles. The library of George the Third was drawn in. Then it was seen that the existing building was hopelessly inadequate.

Still Unfinished

About a hundred years ago Robert Smirke made the plans for the glorious building that now houses the chief part of the national collections. It is by no means finished. Many additions have been made, the last, King Edward the Seventh Galleries, being opened in 1914. Galleries to the east and west are contemplated, and will be erected before the readers of the C.N. have grown old.

The existing British Museum is one of the glories of London. Its massive long lines of masonry and colonnaded front, its great dignity, its green forecourt, made always peaceful and friendly by hundreds of fluttering pigeons, form a lovely picture both for ourselves and our friends from overseas.

We are proud of the British Museum. This week we are remembering its wonderful beginning and how much we owe to the industry and determination of one man.

AN ANCIENT RIDDLE SOLVED

Discovery on a Statue.

A dramatic discovery was made the other day by Professor Rhys Carpenter, of the American Academy in Rome.

For a very long time people have admired a bronze statue of a boxer in the Diocletian Museum, but no one knew who was the sculptor. The boxer is seated, and wears heavy boxing-gloves. As the Professor was examining the statue once again he suddenly noticed a very faint inscription on one of the thongs which bind the gloves, and with great difficulty he made out these words: "Apollonius, son of Nestor."

Now, this same signature appears on the famous statue called the Apollo Belvedere in the Vatican. Up till now no one had guessed that these two famous statues were by the same hand.

It is about two thousand years since Apollonius cut that signature in his Athens workshop. Perhaps if he had known how many centuries would pass before experts found it he would have signed his name in a more conspicuous place than the thong of a glove. Or did he mean to puzzle us?

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

Which Colour is Most Common for the Eyes?

There are more brown-eyed people than any others, and fewer blue-eyed people.

Is the Ferret a Cross Between the Polecat and the Weasel?

The ferret is merely a domesticated variety of the polecat.

What is Duralumin?

An alloy of aluminium, containing about 3½ per cent of copper and up to ½ per cent of magnesium. It was introduced into England about 1910.

Is a Blind Rat Led by Another Rat, a Straw Being Held in Both Mouths?

This has been seen by Nature-lovers, although probably not a general practice.

How Can a Boomerang be Made?

On page 1249 of the Children's Encyclopedia a description is given of how to make a cardboard boomerang. It is very difficult to make a wooden boomerang that will return when thrown.

Why Does Rain Fall in Drops?

Rain consists of drops of liquid water condensed from water vapour, or gas, and it condenses round particles of dust in the atmosphere, each drop having a nucleus of solid matter.

What is the Definition of Locomotive?

The Oxford Dictionary gives it as having power of or given to locomotion, not stationary, a meaning extended in the case of the locomotive engine to an engine that goes from place to place by its own power.

Why Do Australian Aborigines Knock Out the Teeth of Boys?

The origin of this strange and brutal custom is lost in the mists of the past. The teeth are buried under a tree, and the father chants a hope that the boy may become as strong as the tree.

Who Built the Manchester Ship Canal?

It was first suggested as a practical proposition in 1882 by Daniel Adamson, an ironfounder, whose enthusiasm led to its construction by the Manchester Ship Canal Company, with paid-up capital £17,033,174.

Where Does Your Voice Go When You Stop Talking?

Talking is the result of waves set up in the atmosphere by vibrations of the vocal cords and other parts of the mouth, and these waves, striking on the ear-drum, send a message to the brain by the auditory nerve which we recognise as sound. When we stop talking there is silence because no further air waves are being set up.

How Do Scientists Know That There is Helium in the Sun?

The light from different substances gives different spectra, and in 1868 during an eclipse the spectrum of a hitherto unknown element was detected in the Sun's chromosphere. This was named helium, from the Greek helios, the Sun. Men then began to search for this element on the Earth, where it was found in 1895.

VENUS IN THE EVENING SKY SHINING IN THE SUNSET GLOW

Why She Seems to be Approaching Jupiter

A QUESTION OF PERSPECTIVE

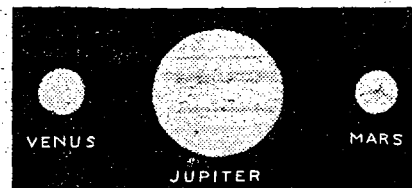
By the C.N. Astronomer

Venus is now making her appearance in the evening sky after her long absence of nearly twelve months, and a glorious object she will be during the coming spring and summer months.

At present Venus sets at about half-past five, approximately an hour and a quarter after the Sun sets, so to obtain a first glimpse of this lovely planet the south-west sky should be scanned from about 4.30 p.m.

A clear view down to the horizon is necessary, and as it is advantageous to know just where to look in the rosy twilight, which greatly dims the brightness of Venus, a good plan is to note exactly where the Sun has set. Venus will be found a little way to the left of this, occupying at about 4.45 approximately the same region of the sky as the Sun did an hour and a quarter before.

This gives a general idea of the situation of Venus, but only for next week and the week following, for she



The apparent relative sizes of Venus, Jupiter, and Mars at the present time

is rapidly approaching us and each evening sets about two minutes later, and so remains visible for longer and longer after the Sun has set, being found farther to the left and higher up each evening.

Incidentally this causes Venus to appear to approach Jupiter—an interesting sight for young astronomers.

The brilliant Jupiter should be just perceptible in the twilight, much higher above the south-west horizon than Venus and much more toward the left. As he does not set until a little after 7 o'clock there can be no mistaking him for Venus.

At present an apparent distance of nearly fifty times the Moon's width separates these two planets, but by February 5 they will apparently be so close to one another that the Moon's disc would scarcely pass between them. Jupiter will then be slightly above Venus, so if fine they will thus make a unique picture against the twilight sky.

Actually these two worlds are not approaching one another at all, for Venus is receding from Jupiter; their apparent approach is due to perspective, resulting from the Earth's motion in an opposite direction to both Venus and Jupiter.

Jupiter's Great Distance

Just now Venus is not so very bright because she is so far off, emerging from beyond the Sun and 150 million miles away; nevertheless she is much nearer than Jupiter. He is also almost at his farthest and at present about 565 million miles off, our world getting farther from him every day.

Notwithstanding his great distance Jupiter is much the largest and more interesting planet when seen through a telescope, the relative apparent size of Jupiter as compared with Venus and Mars at the present time being shown in the picture given above.

Mars, that reddish orb away to the left of Jupiter, has now fallen from his pre-eminence of two months ago; his increasing distance—due to the Earth leaving him behind—is now nearly ninety million miles, reducing him to half his former diameter. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning Saturn south-east. In the evening Jupiter and Venus in the south-west. Mars south.

S.O.S.

CHAPTER 44

Little Pigs

LEAVING the land-boat, Jim and Sam ran in the direction from which the shots had come. Jim had his rifle, for one of the things that Seca had told them was never to move from camp without arms. Sam slackened pace as he came near the trees.

"Go steady, Jim," he said. "We don't want to run bull-headed into the trouble, whatever it is."

"But what is it?" asked Jim. "Can't be Indians. Zambo said there weren't any nearer than the river. And I don't believe there are any wild beasts on this plain—dangerous ones, I mean. You didn't see any, did you?"

"Only scorpions and a snake or two," Sam answered. "Hullo! There's another shot!"

"Close, too," said Jim. "I saw the flash. It looked as if it came from that tree."

It was growing dusk in the wood, and when the rifle spoke again they saw plainly that the shot came from the branches of a big tree standing by itself in an open glade.

"He's shooting at something on the ground," declared Sam. "Why, they're pigs!"

"Pigs!" repeated Jim; then grabbed Sam's arm and dragged him back. "They're not pigs; they're peccaries."

"They're as like pigs as makes no odds," said Sam.

"They're the most awful brutes," said Jim in a quick whisper. "They've got tusks three inches long, and they'd rip you to ribands if they caught you. What's more, it's no good shooting them unless you kill them all, for they'll stick to you as long as there's one of them left alive."

"A job to shoot that lot," said Sam. "There must be fifty of them."

"And I've only about twenty cartridges," said Jim. "What are we going to do?"

"Give the Professor a shout to tell him we're going back for more cartridges," began Sam, but Jim cut him short:

"You let them hear you, and the whole lot will be down on us."

Sam stood and looked out into the glade where the herd of peccaries surrounded the tree in which the Professor had taken refuge. Four lay dead, but the rest were not at all dismayed.

"It's a bit of a puzzle," said Sam at length.

"How would it be if you went back for the others and the rifles?" suggested Jim. "Meantime, I could get up in this tree and plug a few of them."

Sam shook his head.

"The breeze will probably drop at sunset, and it'll mean tramping back afoot. It'll be pitch dark long before we can get there, and we shall have to wait till daylight to start shooting."

"You're right," said Jim; "but I can't see anything else for it, can you?"

"I've got a notion," said Sam.

"Are these things scared of fire?"

"I expect so. I don't know any animal that will face fire."

"The grass is pretty dry," said Sam, "and the wind's right. What about touching off the grass and chancing scaring them off?"

"We might try it, anyhow," said Jim. "Twist up some grass, and we'll start the fire in a good wide swathe."

While the grass was thick in the open there was little under the trees, and they had to go back to make their torches. It was almost dark when they got back. They could barely see the peccaries, but could hear their tusks clashing, while their fierce eyes glowed like red sparks through the gloom.

"Be quick! The breeze is dying down," whispered Sam, and Jim quickly struck a match and lighted a bundle of grass.

The moment he did so there was a sound out in the open which Jim

The Wireless Mystery

By T. C. Bridges

recognised as the trampling of scores of small hoofs.

"Look out, Sam!" he shouted. "Get up the tree."

Sam leaped for a branch, Jim did the same, and both swung up just in time to escape the rush of the savage herd. But Jim's torch, which he had dropped, was already flaring, and just then a puff of wind caught it and blew it into the long grass in the glade. The dead stuff caught with a crackle and a flare, flinging a red glow over the open, and lighting up the dark foliage of the trees with a ruddy glow.

"You've done the trick!" panted Sam, for the peccaries, scared by the tremendous blaze, rushed squealing away among the trees and vanished into the gloom.

The fire swept across the glade in no time, but happily the Professor's lone tree did not catch. As soon as the blaze was past Jim shouted, and the Professor answered at once and, dropping down, came quickly across the expanse of smouldering ashes. Jim hastily explained, saying that he had thought the only way of getting rid of the peccaries was to fire the grass, and added that they must not wait as they had had to put the boat in the pool to be out of the fire.

The Professor stared at Jim, and a queer expression crossed his face.

"Don't worry, Jim," he said soothingly; "you must lie down for a little." He turned to Sam. "It's been a little too much for him," he whispered. "Do you think that between us we can get him back to camp?"

"Yes, sir," replied Sam; "but first we must see about the boat. The fire may catch it, and that would be the finish."

The Professor gave a kind of gasp. "You, too?" he exclaimed.

CHAPTER 45

A Rough Trip

JIM burst out laughing, and that almost finished the poor Professor, who plainly thought that both the boys had gone stark, staring mad.

"It's all right, sir," said Jim. "I don't wonder you think we're crazy, but you see we forgot you hadn't seen Sam's latest invention or heard anything about it. Come with us, then you'll understand all right."

The fire had worked down wind through the wood and was rioting in the dead grass beyond, but up wind it came very slowly, and so far there was no danger to Sam's wheeled craft. The Professor stared in amazement at the queer-looking contraption.

"Do you mean to tell me that you can make the wind move this?" he demanded.

"Get in, sir," said Sam, grinning. "There's still a fairish breeze blowing. Then you can see whether she'll move."

Usually the wind dropped at sunset, but on this particular evening there were clouds in the sky and the breeze was still fairly brisk. Sam hauled up the sail, the wind caught it, and the land-boat began to move. A puff came up, she heeled, and the Professor gasped as Sam just saved her from going over.

"Sorry, sir," said Sam. "It's getting too dark to handle her properly. I'll have to reef down and go slow."

He stopped her; he and Jim took in the reef and they went on again at a moderate speed. Even so, and in spite of the wind not being favourable, they were back at their camp in less than an hour. The Professor was simply delighted.

"I congratulate you, Sam!" he said heartily. "If this queer vehicle will carry all five of us as well as the stores it will be better than the mules."

"It'll go a jolly sight faster, anyhow," Greg told him. "I

don't believe a car would beat it over this country. We shan't be a lot behind Gadsden after all. What do you think, Dad? Is there any need for Jim to use his wireless? Hadn't we better make up our minds to go straight to the river in the land-boat?"

"Yes, I think so," said the Professor. "Now let us have some supper and turn in. This has been an exciting day, but tomorrow promises to be still more interesting."

When Sam turned out at dawn he was dismayed to find a dead calm. But soon after sunrise a faint puff of wind rolled up the morning mist, and by the time they had finished their breakfast and got everything packed up a fair breeze was blowing. Sam was very particular about getting the baggage lashed on firmly; then all five climbed in and he and Jim raised the sail. It filled, the wheels began to turn, and they were off. The breeze was light at first, but soon grew stronger, and the Professor fairly chuckled as the miles were flung behind them.

"If this wind holds we might actually cover the whole distance in a day," he said.

"That's what I'm hoping for," Sam answered. "But I reckon we'll all be pretty stiff and sore before evening."

Sam was right about that, for the bumping was very bad at times. The tyres, of course, were of solid iron, and the springs none too good. Just before twelve Sam sighted a dip ahead of them and quickly turned his land-boat up into the wind. "Get the sail down, Jim," he said. "We daren't tackle that without first having a look at it."

The dip was narrow, but pretty deep, and a little stream ran through the bottom. They decided it would be a good place to stop at and have dinner, but first they got ropes on the buckboard and hauled it down the slope, across the brook, and up the opposite side. They ate a good meal, rested, and started again.

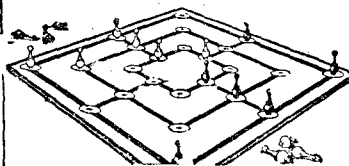
CHAPTER 46

Fish for Supper

THE brook had stopped the fire, and on the far side they found grass again. It made travel slower, but the bumping was not so bad. By three o'clock they had covered nearly ninety miles.

At four they came to another brook, and stopped to have a drink of cool water and a short rest. Soon after starting again Jim spotted a clump of tall trees standing on a knoll a little to the left of their line of travel, and the Professor suggested that it might be worth while to climb the knoll to see what was ahead.

The Famous Game of Shakespeare's Day



NINE MEN'S MORRIS

This delightfully fascinating game is ideal for the long winter evenings. It is neatly boxed with two sets of coloured wooden men and with a strong board in two colours. It is on sale at all Newsagents, Book-sellers, Bookstalls, Toy Dealers, and Stores. Ask for—Answers Great Game "Nine Men's Morris."

Buy Yours Today

1/6

The knoll was not high enough to give much of a view, so Greg, taking field-glasses with him, climbed one of the trees. He came down in a tremendous hurry. "I saw the big river quite plainly," he exclaimed, "and, what's more, I saw Gadsden's car!"

"Gadsden's car?" repeated his father.

"Yes; and not going straight to the river. It was running almost due north, parallel with the valley."

"Perhaps the valley is too steep for a car to get down to the water," suggested the Professor.

"I can't tell for certain," said Greg, "but it didn't look like that. As far as I could see, the river valley is broad and shallow."

"Were there any trees?" asked Sam.

"Yes; but they look small."

"Then I reckon it's timber he's after," said Sam. "He wants big stuff to build a boat."

"That's it," declared the Professor. "Sam is right, but it took a sailor to think of it."

"Then we shall have to do the same," said Greg.

"Yes, I expect so," replied his father, "but we won't hurry. We do not want Gadsden to know we are anywhere near."

Jim chuckled. "He'd get the shock of his life if he thought we were within a hundred miles."

"Quite so," agreed the Professor, "and, believing he has such a good start, he will not hurry in building his boat." He turned to his son. "How far on was the car, Greg?"

"Eight or nine miles, I should think, Dad."

"Very well. Then we will rest here for half an hour, for even then we can reach the river before dark."

All agreed that this was the best plan, and at the end of twenty minutes Greg went up the tree again and came down with the news that Gadsden was out of sight. Then they started afresh, laying a straight course for the river. In less than an hour they reached the top of a low bluff, and stopped there, for Zambo told them they would be much more comfortable there than in the valley, where mosquitoes would be thick after dark.

They pitched camp at once, and then Sam and Jim went down to the river to try for some fish for supper.

Sam got a bite at once, and hauled out a flattish fish about the size of a dinner-plate. "Sort of a bream, I reckon," he said. "You've got one, Jim?"

"A whale by the feel of it," gasped Jim. "Look out! It's going upstream."

The fish turned upstream, and Jim ran hard along the bank, trying to keep up with it and save his line.

The river was low, so that there was a good beach all the way, and this gave Jim a chance to keep up with the great fish. Sam followed just behind; and so they went for nearly half a mile. Perspiration streamed down Jim's face; he was nearly breathless when at last the fish stopped and came to the surface, plunging and splashing furiously.

"Hang on, Jim," said Sam. "If you can get it into shallow water I'll wade out and collar hold of it."

Jim reeled and reeled, and slowly the huge fish came in. "Now!" he panted, and Sam, wading in, made a grab, got the fish by the tail, and dragged it ashore.

"Phew! What a whopper!" cried Jim. "It must weigh twenty pounds."

"Nearer thirty, I'd say," answered Sam. "I wonder—" He stopped short, and Jim saw him stiffen.

"What's up?" asked Jim.

"Indians," replied Sam in a low voice. "A lot of them, and a rum-looking crowd. Turn round slowly. We mustn't seem to funk them whatever happens."

Jim turned slowly, to find himself facing about a score of Indians, short, stocky men, very dark in colour. They wore very little in the way of clothes, but all had large knives stuck in their girdles and each carried a spear.

TO BE CONTINUED

Tales Before Bedtime

The Race

WHEN Basil and Tony, coming home from school, reached the end of their long street Basil said, "I'll race you to our gate, Tony, and win easily!"

"All right," said Tony. And off they sped.

Now, Tony was three years younger than his brother, so in a minute Basil was yards ahead of him.

Soon Basil turned round and waved to his little brother.

"Why," he shouted, "I can come back and circle all round you and still win!"

And he came back and ran round Tony, soon getting ahead of him again.

Poor Tony was getting very breathless, but he wouldn't give up.

Suddenly Basil's eye caught sight of the toyshop on the other side of the road.

"Look!" he shouted boastfully to the sturdy little figure still toiling behind him, "I can run across the road and look at the toyshop for ages, and still beat you, Tony!"

Tony didn't answer: he didn't like to think that Basil could run so much faster than he could.

Basil pressed his nose against the toyshop window, and his eyes shone as he saw the lovely engines and a new Meccano



Tony reached the gate first

set. In fact, he was so taken up with looking at them and wishing they were his that he forgot everything else and stayed a little too long.

When he looked back at Tony the little boy wasn't very far from their gate. Basil flew across the road and after him. But he was too late. Just before he could reach Tony the little boy flung himself against the gate.

"There! You didn't—win!" he panted.

And Basil, of course, had nothing to say.

When they told Mummy about the race she exclaimed, "Why, that reminds me of the race between the Hare and the Tortoise! When I was a little girl I always hoped that the Tortoise got a prize. So after tea I think we'll go out and buy Tony one, shall we?"

"Yes," answered Basil; "I think he deserves it."

January 15, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

11



Come, Let Us Gather and Be Merry



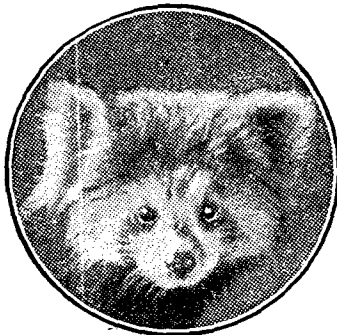
THE BRAN TUB

What Am I?

THERE'S not a creature lives beneath the sky
Can secrets keep so faithfully as I:
All things for safety are to me con-
signed,
Although I often leave them far
behind;
I never act but by another's will,
And what he should command I must
fulfil.

Answer next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Panda

The Panda, or red cat-bear, lives in the south-eastern Himalayas and in north-western China, and is about the size of a large cat. It has a long thick tail, and its fur is a bright rusty-red except for the face, which is mainly white. It is an agile climber, and eats various fruits, acorns, the young shoots of bamboo roots, and sometimes eggs.

Things Just Patented

We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.



into the side which enables the cook to judge at a glance.

An Airship Filled with Hot Air. Instead of being filled with hydrogen this airship is designed to be kept aloft with hot air. The engines are utilised for driving dynamos which supply current to electric heaters for keeping the air hot. Each heater,



which is covered with a wire gauze shield, is in a separate compartment of the envelope and can be switched on or off as required for balancing purposes.

This is a modern adaptation of the idea of the brothers Montgolfier, who experimented with hot-air balloons as long ago as 1783.

A Puzzle in Rhyme

IN the paper but not in the bag,
In the lace but not in the tag,
In the wind but not in the air,
In the blink but not in the stare,
In the nut but not in the shell,
In the ringing but not in the knell,
In the face but not in the look,
In the letter but not in the book,
Together my whole very useful can be,
As when you open me you will see.

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français

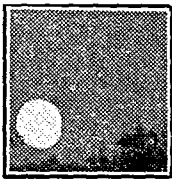


Le canon Le potier Le filet

Voici un canon de gros calibre
Le potier moule de beaux vases
Le pêcheur retirera son filet

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE bird chorus is growing, among those birds which have begun to sing again being the marsh tit, cole tit, and skylark. House flies are seen on windows on sunny days. The winter gnat appears. Insects are seen swarming under sunny hedges. Bees come out of their hives. Furze, or gorse, and wallflowers begin to blossom.



Looking South 8 p.m., Jan. 19

Is Your Name Waters?

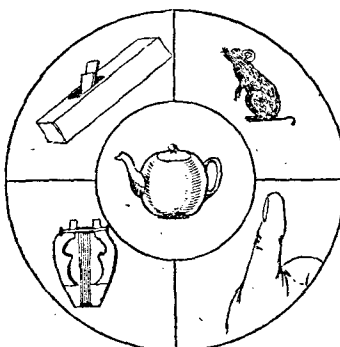
THE surname Waters has seldom anything to do with water in its origin. The s is possessive and stands for son of, and Water is an old way of spelling and pronouncing Walter. This is, of course, one of the commonest ways in which surnames were formed.

For the Hot-Water Cistern

IT is a very excellent plan to put a jacket of some non-conductive material on the hot-water cistern. The water will then remain hot through the night and be ready in the morning before the fire in the range is lighted.

The best way is to paste sheets of brown paper round and over the cistern. Do not fix these too closely, as the air in between helps to keep in the heat. Use half a dozen sheets of paper and finish with an old blanket or anything thick and woolly. Most people will be surprised at the effect of this simple plan.

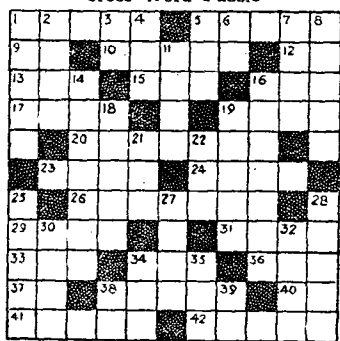
A Picture Puzzle



WHEN you have found the names of the objects shown in these pictures take two consecutive letters from each word, and these pairs of letters, arranged in their proper order, will spell the name of a spring flower.

Answer next week

Cross Word Puzzle



THERE are 48 words or recognised abbreviations in this puzzle. The clues are given below and the answer will appear next week.

Reading Across. 1. Enumerate. 5. Impress. 9. French for the. 10. Fertile spot in desert. 12. An interjection. 13. Consumed. 15. A vessel. 16. Girl's name. 17. A query. 19. The first garden. 20. A kind of cloth. 23. A brave man. 24. A continent. 26. A reader of proofs. 29. Related. 31. Despatched. 33. No matter which. 34. An ocean. 36. A deer. 37. County Council (abbrev.). 38. Famous poet. 40. Point of compass. 41. Small anchor. 42. Having ears.

Reading Down. 1. Bird's nails. 2. A promise. 3. Negative. 4. Strike lightly. 5. Deep hole. 6. Learned body (abbrev.). 7. Knob on a branch. 8. Express gratitude. 11. Vocal music. 14. Keenly. 18. One who approves. 18. Sleepy. 19. Relieves. 21. Eleventh month (abbrev.). 22. Possesses. 25. File. 27. A notion. 28. A horse. 30. Single occasion. 32. Part of the face. 34. Perceive. 35. Devoured. 38. Knight of the Garter (abbrev.). 39. A British Dominion (abbrev.).

Jacko Looks Silly

JACKO never wearied of looking in the greengrocer's window. He wasn't particularly interested in the potatoes and cabbages, but he did like the apples and oranges.

One day he boldly walked inside the shop and asked Mr. Bodger to give him a job; but Mr. Bodger wasn't at all encouraging.

"You would eat too much," he said; "I've had boys like you before." And he told Jacko to be off.

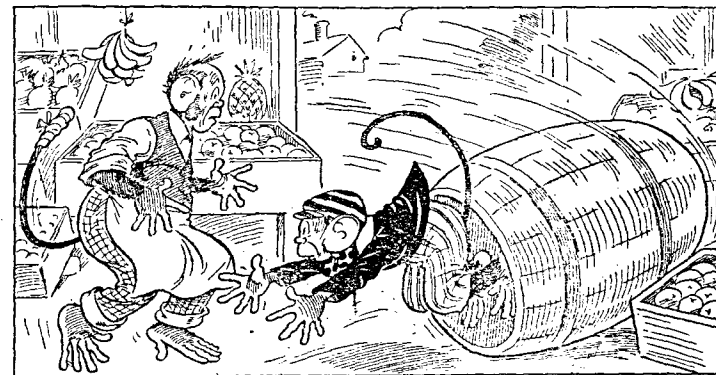
But Jacko still hung round the shop. It had a fascination for him, and he didn't mind how much Mr. Bodger glared at him.

One day a big van drove up and the driver beckoned to Jacko.

"Like to give me a hand?" he said. "I've got some barrels of apples for Mr. Bodger, and they're too heavy for me to roll through the shop myself."

Jacko's eyes glistened. It was just what he would enjoy.

Mr. Bodger was very pleased to see the apples, but his smile



Jacko was tipped out right in front of Mr. Bodger

turned to a frown when he saw Jacko, though he didn't quite like to order him out of the shop. But he kept his eyes on him so closely that he was always getting in the way, and at last one of the barrels rolled over his tail.

"Ooh!" he cried, dancing about with pain. And he rushed out of the shop to get his wife to put on a bandage.

Jacko and his mate got on much more quickly after that, and the barrels were soon all in their right place in the yard. When the van had driven off Jacko stayed behind.

"I shouldn't mind having a peep inside one of these barrels," he said to himself.

But just at that moment Mr. Bodger appeared round the corner, and Jacko had only just time to creep under an empty barrel.

Unfortunately Mr. Bodger seemed in an inquiring frame of mind. He kept on prodding the barrels, and as he came nearer to Jacko that young gentleman began to feel quite anxious.

"Coo! I'll have to frighten him away!" he said to himself. He began to raise himself slowly.

Mr. Bodger's hair stood on end when he turned round and saw what looked like a barrel walking across the yard. He gave one fearful scream and rushed away.

Jacko fairly chuckled to himself. But unfortunately he couldn't see where he was going, and suddenly he walked into a post which knocked him sideways. And the barrel began to roll—with Jacko inside it!

Nothing Jacko could do would stop it. That barrel rolled faster and faster, gathering speed as it went, and at last rolled into the shop and tipped out Jacko right in front of Mr. Bodger, who was in the middle of telling everybody that he had just seen a ghost!

He did look silly! But not half so silly as Jacko.

How Haydn Wrote His Name

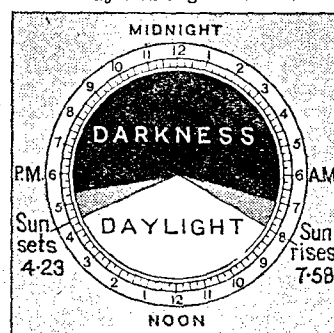
JOSEPH HAYDN, the father of the symphony, first made instrumental music an independent art.

A Croatian by birth, he began and ended his career in Vienna, and there wrote most of his quartettes and his oratorio *The Creation*; but it was in England, which he visited late in life, that his genius was first fully recognised.

Haydn was born in 1732 and died in 1809. This is how he wrote his name:

Jos. Haydn

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

DR. MERRYMAN

Something Worth Knowing

A GUIDE had been showing a party of visitors round a great picture gallery, and when they had been through all the rooms he said:

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, if anyone would like to ask a question I shall be happy to try and answer."

"Well," said a lady, "can you tell me what brand of polish they use to keep these floors so beautifully shiny?"

Foiling a Burglar

SAID a Bear to a bright little Bee, "You are out after honey, I see." Buzzed the insect, "Oh, yes, And you want our address, But you're not going to get it from me!"

The Pigmy and the Giant

A FOREIGN nobleman of little taste once said to an Englishman:

"You must admit that your Shakespeare, however high he may rise, sometimes falls very low."

To which the Englishman answered: "That may be; but you must also admit that the spot where such a giant falls is still a mountain to a pigmy."

The Horse Factory

SOME city children had spent a day in the country, and the next morning their teacher asked what was the most wonderful thing they had seen.

"The man who makes real horses," replied one little boy, who had been fascinated by the village blacksmith's forge. "He had just finished one and I saw him nailing one of its feet on."

Why the Spider was Angry



"This hammock is not safe!" cried Snap As he tumbled to the ground. While looking for a place to rest A spider's web he'd found!

The Stick Came Back

IN a small town in Western France recently a traveller was robbed of a precious stick. This happened at the local theatre.

He had the following announcement made the next day: "The individual who was seen to take a stick belonging to someone else in the hall of the theatre last night is requested to return it within twenty-four hours to Mr. X, at the Hôtel de France, if he wishes to avoid prosecution."

Two days later the head waiter presented our friend with three sticks left by three visitors!

Arithmetical Problem

TAKE the numbers 1 to 9 and, using each number once only, make up 100 by addition and multiplication.

Answer next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Word Square

Y A R D
A R E A
R E S T
D A T E

What Cathedrals Are These?

Peterborough Southwark
Bangor Canterbury
Carlisle Salisbury
Rochester Gloucester

Changeling

Show, shot, soot, boot, book, look
What Am I? An oyster

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

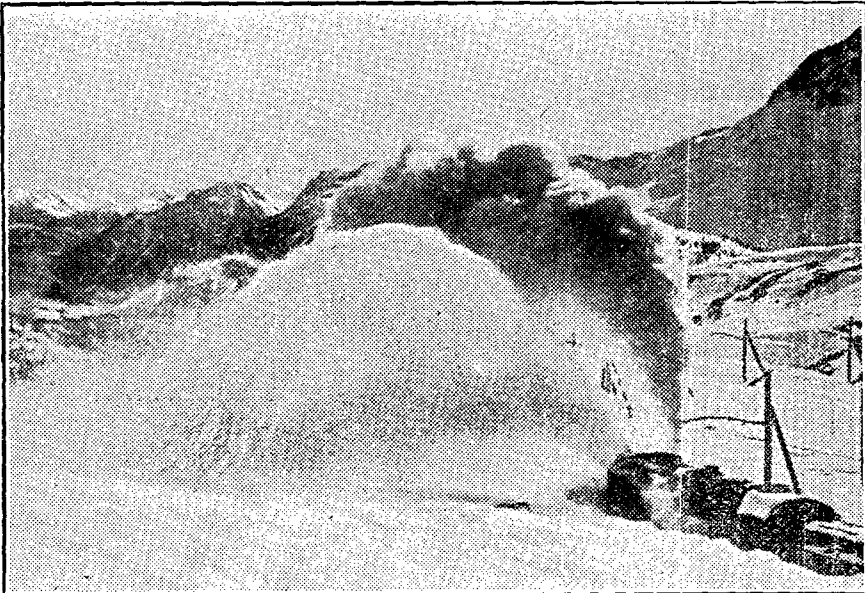
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

January 15, 1927

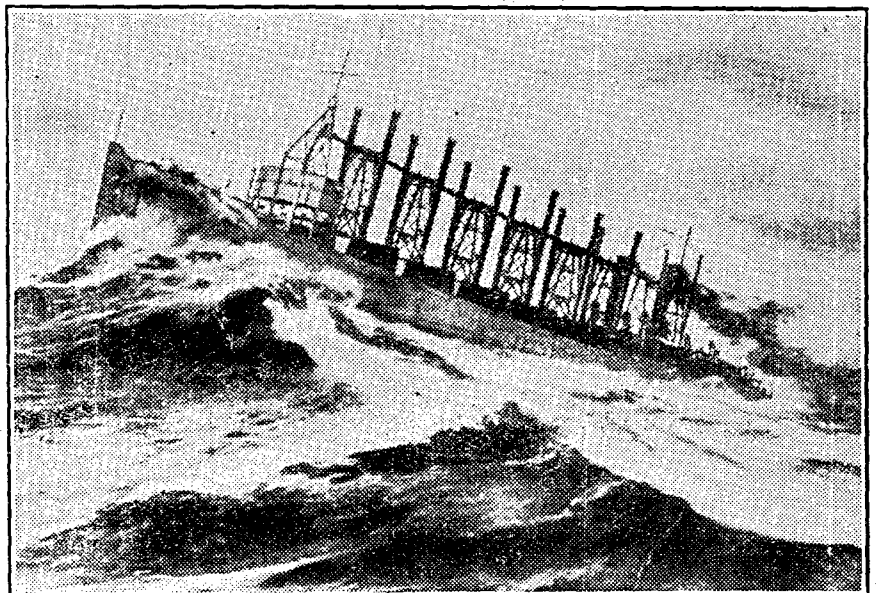
Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

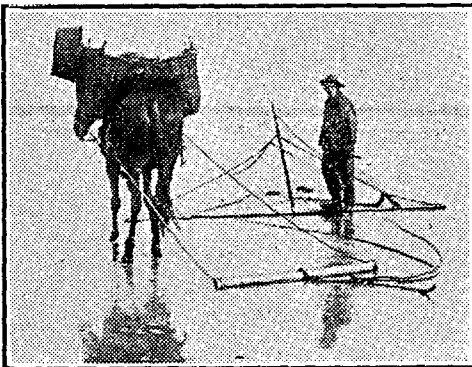
AN ATLANTIC GALE · CHIEF SCOUT IN AFRICA · AT HOME IN A TREE TRUNK



A Snow-Plough in the Alps—Thousands of people are now going to the Alps for winter sports, and snow-ploughs like this one are busy clearing drifts from the Swiss railways



A Battle With the Atlantic—This splendid picture shows a strange-looking ship fighting her way through a gale in the Atlantic. She is used for carrying fuel for the American Navy



Shrimping With a Horse—This shrimper on the Belgian coast uses a horse, which draws the net along the sands and carries the catch on its back



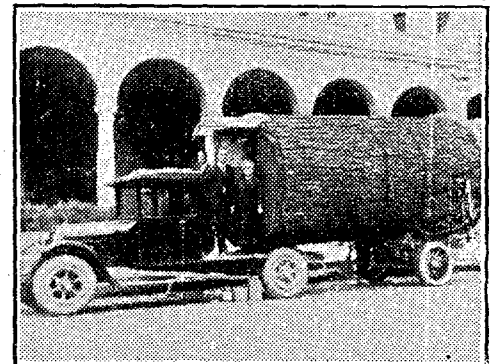
A Meal in the Snow—The Eastern United States have experienced very severe weather, and when the snow was deep at Boston the young deer in the grounds of the Zoo had to be fed, as seen here



The Chief Scout in South Africa—Sir Robert Baden-Powell has been inspecting the Scouts of South Africa, where he first became famous as the defender of Mafeking. At Pretoria he visited the Governor-General, the Earl of Athlone, and here we see them with Lady Baden-Powell and Princess Alice



Largest and Smallest—This St. Bernard was the biggest dog at the American Kennel Club Show. He is carrying the smallest exhibit in a handbag



Tree Trunk Becomes a Home—This caravan was made from a tree that began to grow in America at the time Columbus discovered the continent. It was hollowed out and mounted on a motor-trailer



Japanese Devotion to the Emperor—This remarkable picture shows Japanese villagers kneeling in icy water on a winter's night to pray for the recovery of the late Emperor while he was ill

12s. FOR A YEAR'S DELIGHT—ORDER THE C.N. MONTHLY FOR 1927

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press (1922), Ltd., The Electricity House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these Agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon & Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency. R/L